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THE

WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON,

COMPREHENDING THE

SUPPRESSED POEMS

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT, AND A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

VOL. VII.

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DON JUAN.

"Difficile est proprie communia dicere."
HOR. *Epist. ad Pison.*

II.

Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now;
Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,
Followers of fame, "nine farrow" of that sow:
France, too, had Buonaparté and Dumourier,
Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.

III.

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,
Petion, Clootz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette,
Were French, and famous people, as we know;
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,
Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Dessaix, Moreau,
With many of the military set,
Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

IV

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd:
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd;
Because the army's grown more popular,
At which the naval people are concern'd:
Besides, the Prince is all for the land-service.
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

V.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon!
And since exceeding valorous and sage,
A good deal like him too, though quite the same none;
But then they shone not on the poet's page.
And so have been forgotten:—I condemn none.
But can't find any in the present age
Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one):
So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

VI.

Most epic poets plunge in "medias res,"
(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road),
And then your hero tells, whene'er you please,
What went before—by way of episode,
While seated after dinner at his ease,
Beside his mistress in some soft abode,
Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

VII.

That is the usual method, but not mine—
My way is to begin with the beginning;
The regularity of my design
Forbids all wandering as the worst of sinning,
And therefore I shall open with a line
(Although it cost me half an hour in spinning)
Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,
And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women—he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the proverb—and I quite agree;
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
Cadiz perhaps—but that you soon may see:
Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir.

IX.

His father's name was Jóse—*Don*, of course,
A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source
Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain;
A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,
Or being mounted, e'er got down again,
Than Jóse, who begot our hero, who
Begot—but that's to come—Well, to renew:

X.

His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every christian language ever named,
With virtues equall'd by her wit alone,
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way by all the things that she did

XI.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart
All Calderon and greater part of Lope,
So that if any actor miss'd his part
She could have served him for the prompter's copy;
For her Feinagle's were an useless art,
And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he
Could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.

XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity:
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

XIII.

She knew the Latin—that is, "the Lord's prayer,"
And Greek—the alphabet I'm nearly sure;
She read some French romances here and there,
Although her mode of speaking was not pure:
For native Spanish she had no great care,
At least her conversation was obscure;
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
As if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble 'em.

XIV.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
And said there was analogy between 'em;
She proved it somehow out of sacred song,
But I must leave the proofs to those who've seen 'em;
But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,
And all may think which way their judgments lean 'em,
" 'Tis strange—the Hebrew noun which means ' I am,'
" The English always use to govern d—n."

XV.

* * * * *
* * * * *

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
Or "Cœlebs' Wife" set out in quest of lovers,
Morality's prim personification,
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers;
To others' share let "female errors fall,"
For she had not even one—the worst of all.

XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
Of any modern female saint's comparison;
So far above the cunning powers of hell,
Her guardian angel had given up his garrison.
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar! [2]

XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
  Insipid in this naughty world of ours,
Where our first parents never learn'd to kiss
  Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss
  (I wonder how they got through the twelve hours),
Don Jóse, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
  With no great love for learning, or the learn'd,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
  And never dream'd his lady was concern'd;
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
  To see a kingdom or a house o'erturn'd,
Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*,
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

XX.

Now Donna Inez had with all her merit,
  A great opinion of her own good qualities ;
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
  And such, indeed, she was in her moralities ;
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
  And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities.
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man
  Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard ;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
  Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
That you might " brain them with their lady's fan ;"
  And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands

XXII.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or gentlemen, who, though well-born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation:
I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man and in a single station,
But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?

XXIII.

Don Jóse and his lady quarrell'd—*why*,
Not any of the many could divine,
Though several thousand people chose to try,
'Twas surely no concern of theirs nor mine:
I loathe that low vice curiosity;
But if there's any thing in which I shine,
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs,
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

XXIV.

And so I interfered, and with the best
   Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;
I think the foolish people were possess'd,
   For neither of them could I ever find,
Although their porter afterwards confess'd—
   But that's no matter, and the worst behind,
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

XXV.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
   And mischief-making monkey from his birth;
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
   Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;
Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in
   Their senses, they'd have sent young master forth
To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at home,
To teach him manners for the time to come.

XXVI.

Don Jóse and the Donna Inez led
For sometime an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead ;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out.
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

XXVII.

For Inez call'd some druggists and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only *bad;*
Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct—which seem'd very odd.

XXVIII.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,
And open'd certain trunks of books and letters,
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;
And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted);
The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

XXIX.

And then this best and meekest woman bore
With such serenity her husband's woes,
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly chose
Never to say a word about them more—
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaim'd, "What magnanimity!

XXX.

No doubt, this patience, when the world is damning us,
Is philosophic in our former friends;
'Tis also pleasant to be deem'd magnanimous,
The more so in obtaining our own ends;
And what the lawyers call a "*malus animus*,"
Conduct like this by no means comprehends:
Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,
But then 'tis not *my* fault if *others* hurt you.

XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,
And help them with a lie or two additional,
I'm not to blame, as you well know, no more is
Any one else—they were become traditional;
Besides, their resurrection aids our glories
By contrast, which is what we just were wishing all:
And science profits by this resurrection—
Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

XXXII.

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,
Then their relations, who made matters worse
('Twere hard to tell upon a like occasion
To whom it may be best to have recourse—
I can't say much for friend or yet relation):
The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,
But scarce a fee was paid on either side
Before, unluckily, Don Jóse died.

XXXIII.

He died: and most unluckily, because,
According to all hints I could collect
From counsel learned in those kinds of laws
(Although their talk's obscure and circumspect)
His death contrived to spoil a charming cause;
A thousand pities also with respect
To public feeling, which on this occasion
Was manifested in a great sensation.

XXXIV.

But ah! he died! and buried with him lay
  The public feeling and the lawyer's fees:
His house was sold, his servants sent away,
  A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
A priest the other—at least so they say:
  I ask'd the doctors after his disease,
He died of the slow fever called the tertian.
And left his widow to her own aversion.

XXXV.

Yet Jóse was an honourable man,
  That I must say, who knew him very well;
Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,
  Indeed there were not many more to tell;
And if his passions now and then outran
  Discretion, and were not so peaceable
As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),
He had been ill brought up, and was born bilious.

XXXVI.

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,
  Poor fellow! he had many things to wound him,
Let's own, since it can do no good on earth;
  It was a trying moment that which found him
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
  Where all his household gods lay shiver'd round him;
No choice was left his feelings or his pride
Save death or Doctors' Commons—so he died.

XXXVII.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir
  To a chancery suit, and messuages, and lands,
Which, with a long minority and care,
  Promised to turn out well in proper hands:
Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,
  And answer'd but to nature's just demands;
An only son left with an only mother
Is brought up much more wisely than another.

XXXVIII.

Sagest of women, even of widows, she
Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon,
And worthy of the noblest pedigree
(His sire was of Castile, his dam from Arragon):
Then for accomplishments of chivalry,
In case our lord the king should go to war again,
He learned the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery.

XXXIX.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,
And saw into herself each day before all
The learned tutors whom for him she hired,
Was that his breeding should be strictly moral;
Much into all his studies she inquired,
And so they were submitted first to her, all,
Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery
To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

XL.

The languages, especially the dead,
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use,
In all these he was much and deeply read ;
But not a page of any thing that's loose,
Or hints continuation of the species,
Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow vicious.

XLI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses.
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
But never put on pantaloons or bodices ;
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
And for their Æneids, Iliads and Odysseys,
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
For Donna Inez dreaded the mythology.

XLII.

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him;
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample;
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem;
I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,
Although[3] Longinus tells us there is no hymn
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample;
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with "*Formosum Pastor Corydon.*"

XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,
For speaking out so plainly in his song,
So much indeed as to be downright rude;
And then what proper person can be partial
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,
Expurgated by learned men, who place,
Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's vision,
The grosser parts; but fearful to deface
Too much their modest bard by this omission,
And pitying sore his mutilated case,
They only add them all in an appendix,[4]
Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index

XLV

For there we have them all "at one fell swoop,"
Instead of being scatter'd through the pages,
They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome troop,
To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,
Till some less rigid editor shall stoop
To call them back into their separate cages,
Instead of standing staring altogether,
Like garden gods—and not so decent, either

XLVI.

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)
Was ornamented in a sort of way
Which ancient mass-books often are, and this all
Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how they,
Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,
Could turn their optics to the text and pray
Is more than I know—but Don Juan's mother
Kept this herself, and gave her son another

XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
And homilies, and lives of all the saints,
To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,
He did not take such studies for restraints:
But how faith is acquired, and then insured,
So well not one of the aforesaid paints
As Saint Augustine, in his fine Confessions,
Which make the reader envy his transgressions.

XLVIII.

This, too, was a seal'd book to little Juan—
  I can't but say that his mamma was right,
If such an education was the true one.
  She scarcely trusted him from out her sight;
Her maids were old, and if she took a new one
  You might be sure she was a perfect fright;
She did this during even her husband's life—
I recommend as much to every wife.

XLIX.

Young Juan wax'd in goodliness and grace;
  At six a charming child, and at eleven
With all the promise of as fine a face
  As e'er to man's maturer growth was given:
He studied steadily and grew apace,
  And seem'd, at least, in the right road to heaven;
For half his days were pass'd at church, the other
Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

L.

At six, I said he was a charming child,
  At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy:
Although in infancy a little wild,
  They tamed him down amongst them; to destroy
His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd,
  At least it seem'd so; and his mother's joy
Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,
Her young philosopher was grown already.

LI

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,
  But what I say is neither here nor there.
I knew his father well, and have some skill
  In character—but it would not be fair
From sire to son to augur good or ill:
  He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—
But scandal's my aversion—I protest
Against all evil speaking, even in jest

LII.

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but
  This I will say—my reasons are my own—
That if I had an only son to put
  To school (as God be praised that I have none,
'Tis not with Donna Inez I would shut
  Him up to learn his catechism alone.
No—no—I'd send him out betimes to college,
For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge.

LIII

For there one learns—'tis not for me to boast,
  Though I acquired—but I pass over *that*,
As well as all the Greek I since have lost:
  I say that there's the place—but "*Verbum sat.*"
I think I pick'd up, too, as well as most,
  Knowledge of matters—but no matter *what*—
I never married—but, I think, I know
That sons should not be educated so

LIV.

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,
  Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit; he seem'd
Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;
  And every body but his mother deem'd
Him almost man; but she flew in a rage,
  And bit her lips (for else she might have scream'd)
If any said so, for to be precocious
Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

LV.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all
  Selected for discretion and devotion,
There was the Donna Julia, whom to call
  Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
Of many charms, in her as natural
  As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean,
Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid
(But this last simile is trite and stupid).

LVI.

The darkness of her oriental eye
  Accorded with her Moorish origin
(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by ;
  In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin).
When proud Grenada fell, and, forced to fly,
  Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia's kin
Some went to Africa, some stay'd in Spain.
Her great great grandmamma chose to remain

LVII.

She married (I forget the pedigree)
  With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down
His blood less noble than such blood should be :
  At such alliances his sires would frown.
In that point so precise in each degree
  That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,
Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts and nieces.
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases

LVIII.

This heathenish cross restored the breed again,
  Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh ;
For, from a root, the ugliest in Old Spain,
  Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh ;
The sons no more were short, the daughters plain :
  But there's a rumour which I fain would hush—
'Tis said that Donna Julia's grandmamma
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law

LIX.

However this might be, the race went on
  Improving still through every generation,
Until it centred in an only son
  Who left an only daughter ; my narration
May have suggested that this single one
  Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion
I shall have much to speak about), and she
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.

LX.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
  Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
  Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise
  A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole

LXI.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
  Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth.
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,
  Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
  As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,
Possess'd an air and grace by no means common.
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man
  Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;
And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE
  'Twere better to have TWO of five-and-twenty,
Especially in countries near the sun:
  And now I think on't, "mi vien in mente,"
Ladies, even of the most uneasy virtue,
Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty.

LXIII.

'Tis a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,
  And all the fault of that indecent sun
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,
  But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,
That howsoever people fast and pray
  The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone:
What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
Is much more common where the climate's sultry.

LXIV.

Happy the nations of the moral north!
Where all is virtue, and the winter season
Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth
('Twas snow that brought Saint Anthony to reason)
Where juries cast up what a wife is worth
By laying whate'er sum, in mulct, they please on
The lover, who must pay a handsome price.
Because it is a marketable vice.

LXV.

Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,
A man well looking for his years, and who
Was neither much beloved, nor yet abhorr'd:
They lived together as most people do,
Suffering each other's foibles by accord,
And not exactly either *one* or *two*;
Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

LXVI.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—
With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend;
Between their tastes there was small sympathy,
For not a line had Julia ever penn'd:
Some people whisper (but, no doubt they lie,
For malice still imputes some private end)
That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage,
Forgot with him her very prudent carriage;

LXVII.

And that, still keeping up the old connexion,
Which time had lately render'd much more chaste,
She took his lady also in affection,
And certainly this course was much the best:
She flatter'd Julia with her sage protection,
And complimented Don Alfonso's taste;
And if she could not (who can?) silence scandal,
At least she left it a more slender handle.

LXVIII.

I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair
   With other people's eyes, or if her own
Discoveries made, but none could be aware
   Of this, at least no symptom e'er was shown:
Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,
   Indifferent from the first, or callous grown:
I'm really puzzled what to think or say,
She kept her counsel in so close a way.

LXIX.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,
   Caress'd him often, such a thing might be
Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,
   When she had twenty years, and thirteen he;
But I am not so sure I should have smiled
   When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three:
These few short years make wondrous alterations,
Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

LXX.

Whate'er the cause might be; they had become
Changed; for the dame grew distant the youth shy,
Their looks cast down, their greetings almost dumb,
And much embarrassment in either eye;
There surely will be little doubt with some
That Donna Julia knew the reason why,
But as for Juan, he had no more notion
Than he who never saw the sea of ocean.

LXXI.

Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,
And tremulously gentle her small hand
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland
And slight, so very slight, that to the mind
'Twas but a doubt; but ne'er magician's wand
Wrought change with all Armida's fairy art
Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart.

LXXII.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,
She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
She must not own, but cherish'd more the while.
For that compression in its burning core ;
Even innocence itself has many a wile,
And will not dare to trust itself with truth
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth

LXXIII.

But passion most dissembles, yet betrays,
Even by its darkness ; as the blackest sky
Foretels the heaviest tempest, it displays
Its workings through the vainly-guarded eye
And in whatever aspect it arrays
Itself, 'tis still the same hypocrisy ;
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

LXXIV.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression.
   And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
   Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left;
All these are little preludes to possession,
   Of which young Passion cannot be bereft,
And merely tend to show how greatly Love is
Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice

LXXV.

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state;
   She felt it going, and resolved to make
The noblest efforts for herself and mate,
   For honour's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake:
Her resolutions were most truly great,
   And almost might have made a Tarquin quake:
She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,
As being the best judge of a lady's case.

LXXVI.

She vow'd she never would see Juan more,
And next day paid a visit to his mother,
And look'd extremely at the opening door,
Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another ,
Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—
Again it opens, it can be no other,
'Tis surely Juan now—No! I'm afraid
That night the Virgin was no further pray'd.

LXXVII.

She now determined that a virtuous woman
Should rather face and overcome temptation ;
That flight was base and dastardly, and no man
Should ever give her heart the least sensation ;
That is to say a thought beyond the common
Preference that we must feel upon occasion
For people who are pleasanter than others,
But then they only seem so many brothers.

LXXVIII.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?
The Devil's so very sly—she should discover
That all within was not so very well,
And if, still free, that such or such a lover
Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell
Such thoughts, and be the better when they're over.
And, if the man should ask, 'tis but denial:
I recommend young ladies to make trial.

LXXIX.

And then there are such things as love divine,
Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,
Such as the angels think so very fine,
And matrons, who would be no less secure,
Platonic, perfect, "just such love as mine;"
Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure,
And so I'd have her think, were I the man
On whom her reveries celestial ran.

LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist
 Between young persons without any danger.
A hand may first, and then a lip be kiss'd ;
 For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger,
But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost list
 Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger:
If people go beyond, 'tis quite a crime,
But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

LXXXI.

Love, then, but love within its proper limits,
 Was Julia's innocent determination
In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
 Exertion might be useful on occasion ;
And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
 Etherial lustre, with what sweet persuasion
He might be taught, by love and her together—
I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
  In mail of proof—her purity of soul,
She, for the future of her strength convinced,
  And that her honour was a rock, or mole,
Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
  With any kind of troublesome control;
But whether Julia to the task was equal
Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel

LXXXIII

Her plan she deem'd both innocent and feasible,
  And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen
Not scandal's fangs could fix on much that's seizable;
  Or if they did so, satisfied to mean
Nothing but what was good, her breast was peaceable—
  A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burn'd each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did

LXXXIV.

And if, in the mean time, her husband died,
  But heaven forbid that such a thought should cross
Her brain, though in a dream! (and then she sigh'd)
  Never could she survive that common loss;
But just suppose that moment should betide,
  I only say suppose it—*inter nos*,
(This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought
In French, but then the rhyme would go for nought).

LXXXV.

I only say suppose this supposition:
  Juan being then grown up to man's estate
Would fully suit a widow of condition;
  Even seven years hence it would not be too late.
And in the interim (to pursue this vision)
  The mischief after all, could not be great,
For he would learn the rudiments of love,
I mean the seraph way of those above.

LXXXVI.

So much for Julia. Now we'll turn to Juan,
   Poor little fellow! he had no idea
Of his own case, and never hit the true one;
   In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,
He puzzled over what he found a new one,
   But not as yet imagined it could be a
Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,
Which, with a little patience, might grow charming.

LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
   His home deserted for the lonely wood,
Tormented with a wound he could not know,
   His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude.
I'm fond myself of solitude or so,
   But then I beg it may be understood
By solitude I mean a sultan's, not
A hermit's, with a haram for a grot.

LXXXVIII.

"Oh Love! in such a wilderness as this,
 "Where transport and security entwine,
"Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
 "And here thou art a god indeed divine."
The bard I quote from does not sing amiss,[5]
 With the exception of the second line,
For that same twining "transport and security"
Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

LXXXIX.

The poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals
 To the good sense and senses of mankind,
The very thing which every body feels,
 As all have found on trial, or may find,
That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals
 Or love:—I won't say more about "entwined"
Or "transport," as we know all that before,
But beg "Security" will bolt the door.

XC.

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks,
Thinking unutterable things; he threw
Himself at length within the leafy nooks
Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew,
There poets find materials for their books,
And every now and then we read them through,
So that their plan and prosody are eligible,
Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unintelligible

XCI.

He, Juan (and not Wordsworth), so pursued
His self-communion with his own high soul,
Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,
Had mitigated part, though not the whole
Of its disease; he did the best he could
With things not very subject to control,
And turn'd, without perceiving his condition,
Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

XCII.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,
  Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,
And how the deuce they ever could have birth;
  And then he thought of earthquakes and of wars,
How many miles the moon might have in girth,
  Of air-balloons, and of the many bars
To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies,
And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes

XCIII.

In thoughts like these true wisdom may discern
  Longings sublime, and aspirations high,
Which some are born with, but the most part learn
  To plague themselves withal, they know not why:
'Twas strange that one so young should thus concern
  His brain about the action of the sky;
If *you* think 'twas philosophy that this did,
I can't help thinking puberty assisted

XCIV.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,
And heard a voice in all the winds; and then
He thought of wood-nymphs and immortal bowers,
And how the goddesses came down to men:
He miss'd the pathway, he forgot the hours,
And when he look'd upon his watch again,
He found how much old Time had been a winner—
He also found that he had lost his dinner.

XCV.

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his book,
Boscan, or Garcilasso;—by the wind
Even as the page is rustled while we look,
So by the poesy of his own mind
Over the mystic leaf his soul was shook,
As if 'twere one whereon magicians bind
Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,
According to some good old woman's tale

XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away
  Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted;
Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,
  Could yield his spirit that for which it panted,—
A bosom whereon he his head might lay,
  And hear the heart beat with the love it granted,
With——several other things, which I forget,
Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

XCVII.

Those lonely walks and lengthening reveries
  Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes;
She saw that Juan was not at his ease;
  But that which chiefly may and must surprise,
Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease
  Her only son with question or surmise;
Whether it was she did not see, or would not,
Or, like all very clever people, could not.

XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 'tis very common;
For instance—gentlemen, whose ladies take
Leave to o'erstep the written rights of woman,
And break the——Which commandment is't they break?
(I have forgot the number, and think no man
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.)
I say, when these same gentlemen are jealous,
They make some blunder, which their ladies tell us.

XCIX

A real husband always is suspicious,
But still no less suspects in the wrong place,
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,
Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace
By harbouring some dear friend extremely vicious;
The last indeed's infallibly the case:
And when the spouse and friend are gone off wholly,
He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

C.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted ;
Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er discover,
The while the wicked world beholds, delighted,
Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's lover,
Till some confounded escapade has blighted
The plan of twenty years, and all is over ;
And then the mother cries, the father swears,
And wonders why the devil he got heirs

CI.

But Inez was so anxious and so clear
Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,
She had some other motive much more near
For leaving Juan to this new temptation ;
But what that motive was, I sha'n't say here ,
Perhaps to finish Juan's education,
Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,
In case he thought his wife too great a prize

CII.

It was upon a day, a summer's day;—
Summer's indeed a very dangerous season,
And so is spring about the end of May;
The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason;
But whatsoe'er the cause is, one may say,
And stand convicted of more truth than treason,
That there are months which nature grows more merry
in—
March has its hares, and May must have its heroine.

CIII.

'Twas on a summer's day—the sixth of June:—
I like to be particular in dates,
Not only of the age, and year, but moon;
They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates
Change horses, making history change its tune,
Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,
Leaving at last not much besides chronology,
Excepting the post-obits of theology.

CIV.

'Twas on the sixth of June, about the hour
Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven,
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower
As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore,
To whom the lyre and laurels have been given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them long

CV.

She sate, but not alone; I know not well
How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew, I should not tell—
People should hold their tongues in any case:
No matter how or why the thing befel,
But there were she and Juan face to face—
When two such faces are so, 'twould be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

CVI

How beautiful she look'd! her conscious heart
  Glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong.
Oh Love! how perfect is thy mystic art,
  Strengthening the weak and trampling on the strong,
How self-deceitful is the sagest part
  Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along:
The precipice she stood on was immense—
So was her creed in her own innocence.

CVII.

She thought of her own strength, and Juan's youth,
  And of the folly of all prudish fears,
Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,
  And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years:
I wish these last had not occurr'd, in sooth,
  Because that number rarely much endears,
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

CVIII.

When people say, "I've told you *fifty* times,"
They mean to scold, and very often do;
When poets say, "I've written *fifty* rhymes,"
They make you dread that they'll recite them too
In gangs of *fifty*, thieves commit their crimes;
At *fifty* love for love is rare, 'tis true:
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is.
A good deal may be bought for fifty Louis

CIX

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love,
For Don Alfonso; and she inly swore,
By all the vows below to powers above,
She never would disgrace the ring she wore,
Nor leave a wish which wisdom might reprove;
And while she ponder'd this, besides much more.
One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,
Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own

CX.

Unconsciously she lean'd upon the other,
Which play'd within the tangles of her hair ;
And to contend with thoughts she could not smother
She seem'd, by the distraction of her air.
'Twas surely very wrong in Juan's mother
To leave together this imprudent pair,
She who for many years had watch'd her son so—
I'm very certian *mine* would not have done so.

CXI.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
Gently, but palpably, confirm'd its grasp,
As if it said " detain me, if you please ;"
Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp
His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze :
She would have shrunk as from a toad or asp,
Had she imagined such a thing could rouse
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

CXII.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
But what he did, is much what you would do;
His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,
And then, abash'd at its own joy, withdrew
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss.
Love is so very timid when 'tis new:
She blush'd and frown'd not, but she strove to speak
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak.

CXIII.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:
The devil's in the moon for mischief; they
Who call'd her CHASTE, methinks, began too soon
Their nomenclature; there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
And then she looks so modest all the while.

CXIV.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self-control;
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose.

CXV

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced
And half retiring from the glowing arm,
Which trembled like the bosom where 'twas placed;
Yet still she must have thought there was no harm,
Or else 'twere easy to withdraw her waist;
But then the situation had its charm,
And then——God knows what next—I can't go on;
I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun

CXVI.

Oh Plato! Plato! you have paved the way,
With your confounded fantasies, to more
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
Your system feigns o'er the controlless core
Of human hearts, than all the long array
Of poets and romancers:—You're a bore,
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,
At best, no better than a go-between.

CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,
Until too late for useful conversation;
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion;
But who, alas! can love, and then be wise?
Not that remorse did not oppose temptation,
A little still she strove, and much repented,
And whispering "I will ne'er consent"—consented.

CXVIII.

'Tis said that Xerxes offer'd a reward
To those who could invent him a new pleasure;
Methinks the requisition's rather hard,
And must have cost his majesty a treasure:
For my part, I'm a moderate-minded bard,
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure);
I care not for new pleasures, as the old
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

CXIX.

Oh Pleasure! you're indeed a pleasant thing,
Although one must be damn'd for you no doubt;
I make a resolution every spring
Of reformation ere the year run out,
But, somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing,
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout:
I'm very sorry, very much ashamed,
And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaim'd.

CXX.

Here my chaste muse a liberty must take—
Start not! still chaster reader—she'll be nice hence-
Forward, and there is no great cause to quake:
This liberty is a poetic license,
Which some irregularity may make
In the design, and as I have a high sense
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 'tis fit
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

CXXI.

This license is to hope the reader will
Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal day,
Without whose epoch my poetic skill,
For want of facts, would all be thrown away),
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still
In sight, that several months have pass'd; we'll say
'Twas in November, but I'm not so sure
About the day—the era's more obscure.

CXXII.

We'll talk of that anon.—'Tis sweet to hear
  At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
  By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
  'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky;

CXXIII.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
  Bay deep-mouth'd-welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
  Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
  Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth
Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps;
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth;
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy; and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait too—too long already
For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

CXXVI.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

CXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—
And life yields nothing further to recal
Worthy of this ambrosial sin so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

CXXVIII.

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
 Of his own nature and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
 Some new experiment to show his parts:
This is the age of oddities let loose,
 Where different talents find their different marts;
You'd best begin with truth, and when you've lost your
Labour, there's a sure market for imposture.

CXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen!
 (Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets:)
One makes new noses, one a guillotine,
 One breaks your bones, one sets them in their
 sockets;
But vaccination certainly has been
 A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes,
And galvanism has set some corpses grinning,
But has not answer'd like the apparatus
Of the Humane Society's beginning,
By which men are unsuffocated gratis ;—
What wondrous new machines have late been spinning!

CXXXI.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

CXXXII.

This is the patent age of new inventions
For killing bodies, and for saving souls,
All propagated with the best intentions ;
Sir Humphry Davy's lantern, by which coals
Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions,
Tombuctoo travels, voyages to the Poles,
Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,
Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

CXXXIII.

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure ;
'Tis pity though, in this sublime world, that
Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure ;
Few mortals know what end they would be at,
But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,
The path is through perplexing ways, and when
The goal is gain'd, we die, you know—and then——

CXXXIV.

What then?—I do not know, no more do you—
And so good night.—Return we to our story:
'Twas in November, when fine days are few,
And the far mountains wax a little hoary,
And clap a white cape on their mantles blue;
And the sea dashes round the promontory,
And the loud breaker boils against the rock,
And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

CXXXV.

'Twas, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night;
No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud
By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright
With the piled wood, round which the family crowd;
There's something cheerful in that sort of light,
Even as a summer sky's without a cloud:
I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,
A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.

CXXXVI.

'Twas midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,
Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door
Arose a clatter might awake the dead,
If they had never been awoke before—
And that they have been so we all have read,
And are to be so, at the least, once more—
The door was fasten'd, but, with voice and fist,
First knocks were heard, then "Madam—Madam—hist!

CXXXVII.

"For God's sake, Madam—Madam—here's my master,
"With more than half the city at his back—
"Was ever heard of such a cursed disaster?
"'Tis not my fault—I kept good watch—Alack!
"Do, pray, undo the bolt a little faster—
"They're on the stair just now, and in a crack
"Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—
"Surely the window's not so *very* high!"

CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,
With torches, friends, and servants in great number;
The major part of them had long been wived,
And therefore paused not to disturb the slumber
Of any wicked woman, who contrived
By stealth her husband's temples to encumber:
Examples of this kind are so contagious,
Were *one* not punished, *all* would be outrageous.

CXXXIX.

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion
Could enter into Don Alfonso's head;
But for a cavalier of his condition
It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,
Without a word of previous admonition,
To hold a levee round his lady's bed,
And summon lackeys, arm'd with fire and sword,
To prove himself the thing he most abhorr'd.

CXL.

Poor Donna Julia! starting as from sleep
(Mind—that I do not say—she had not slept),
Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep;
Her maid Antonia, who was an adept,
Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
As if she had just now from out them crept:
I can't tell why she should take all this trouble
To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

CXLI.

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,
Appear'd like two poor harmless women, who
Of goblins, but still more of men, afraid,
Had thought one man might be deterr'd by two,
And therefore side by side were gently laid,
Until the hours of absence should run through,
And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away."

CXLII.

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
  "In heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d'ye mean?
"Has madness seized you? would that I had died
  "Ere such a monster's victim I had been!
"What may this midnight violence betide,
  "A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?
"Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill?
"Search, then, the room!"—Alfonso said, "I will."

CXLIII.

He search'd, *they* search'd, and rummaged every where,
  Closet and clothes'-press, chest and window-seat,
And found much linen lace, and several pair
  Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
With other articles of ladies fair,
  To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat:
Arras they prick'd and curtains with their swords,
And wounded several shutters, and some boards.

CXLIV.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they found—
No matter what—it was not that they sought;
They open'd windows, gazing if the ground
Had signs or foot-marks, but the earth said nought;
And then they stared each other's faces round:
'Tis odd, not one of all these seekers thought,
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

CXLV.

During this inquisition Julia's tongue
Was not asleep—" Yes, search and search," she cried,
" Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong!
" It was for this that I became a bride!
" For this in silence I have suffer'd long
" A husband like Alfonso at my side;
" But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,
" If there be law, or lawyers, in all Spain.

CXLVI.

" Yes, Don Alfonso! husband now no more,
" If ever you indeed deserved the name,
" Is't worthy of your years?—you have threescore,
" Fifty, or sixty—it is all the same—
" Is't wise or fitting causeless to explore
" For facts against a virtuous woman's fame?
" Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso!
' How dare you think your lady would go on so?

CXLVII.

" Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold
" The common privileges of my sex?
" That I have chosen a confessor so old
" And deaf, that any other it would vex,
" And never once he has had cause to scold,
" But found my very innocence perplex
" So much, he always doubted I was married—
" How sorry you will be when I've miscarried!

CXLVIII.

" Was it for this that no Cortejo ere
" I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville?
" Is it for this I scarce went any where,
" Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and revel?
" Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
" I favour'd none—nay, was almost uncivil?
" Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
" Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely? [6]

CXLIX.

" Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani
" Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?
" Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
" Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
" Were there not also Russians, English, many?—
" The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,
" And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
" Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

CL.

" Have I not had two bishops at my feet?
" The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez,
" And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
" I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:
" I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
" Me also, since the time so opportune is—
" Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock'd trigger,
" Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure?

CLI.

" Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
" Under pretence of business indispensible,
" With that sublime of rascals your attorney,
" Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible
" Of having play'd the fool? though both I spurn, he
" Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible,
" Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,
" And not from any love to you nor me.

CLII.

" If he comes here to take a deposition,
  " By all means let the gentleman proceed ;
" You've made the apartment in a fit condition :
  " There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—
" Let every thing be noted with precision,
  " I would not you for nothing should be fee'd—
" But, as my maid's undress'd, pray turn your spies out.
" Oh !" sobb'd Antonia, " I could tear their eyes out.'

CLIII.

" There is the closet, there the toilet, there
  " The anti-chamber—search them under, over :
" There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,
  " The chimney—which would really hold a lover.
" I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
  " And make no further noise till you discover
" The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—
" And, when 'tis found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

CLIV.

" And now, Hidalgo! now that you have thrown
" Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
" Pray have the courtesy to make it known
" *Who* is the man you search for? how d'ye call
" Him? what's his lineage? let him but be shown—
" I hope he's young and handsome—is he tall?
" Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain
" My honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

CLV.

" At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years—
" At that age he would be too old for slaughter,
" Or for so young a husband's jealous fears—
" (Antonia! let me have a glass of water).
" I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
" They are unworthy of my father's daughter;
" My mother dream'd not in my natal hour
" That I should fall into a monster's power.

CLVI.

" Perhaps 'tis of Antonia you are jealous,
" You saw that she was sleeping by my side
" When you broke in upon us with your fellows:
" Look where you please—we've nothing, sir, to hide;
" Only another time, I trust, you'll tell us,
" Or for the sake of decency abide
" A moment at the door, that we may be
" Dress'd to receive so much good company.

CLVII.

" And now, sir, I have done, and say no more;
" The little I have said may serve to show
" The guileless heart in silence may grieve o'er
" The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow:—
" I leave you to your conscience as before,
" 'Twill one day ask you *why* you used me so?
" God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief!—
" Antonia! where's my pocket-handkerchief?"

CLVIII.

She ceased, and turn'd upon her pillow; pale
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears
Like skies that rain and lighten; as a veil,
Waved and o'ershading her wan cheek, appears
Her streaming hair; the black curls strive, but fail,
To hide the glossy shoulder which uprears
Its snow through all;—her soft lips lie apart,
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused;
Antonia bustled round the ransack'd room,
And, turning up her nose, with looks abused
Her master, and his myrmidons, of whom
Not one, except the attorney, was amused;
He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,
Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

CLX.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he stood,
Following Antonia's motions here and there,
With much suspicion in his attitude;
For reputations he had little care;
So that a suit or action were made good,
Small pity had he for the young and fair,
And ne'er believed in negatives, till these
Were proved by competent false witnesses.

CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,
And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,
And treating a young wife with so much rigour,
He gain'd no point, except some self-rebukes,
Added to those his lady with such vigour
Had pour'd upon him for the last half hour,
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder shower.

CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,
To which the sole reply were tears and sobs,
And indications of hysterics, whose
Prologue is always certain throes and throbs,
Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose :—
Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's ;
He saw too, in perspective, her relations,
And then he tried to muster all his patience.

CLXIII.

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,
But sage Antonia cut him short before
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,
With " Pray, sir, leave the room, and say no more,
" Or madam dies."—Alfonso mutter'd " D——n her,"
But nothing else, the time of words was o'er;
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.

CLXIV.

With him retired his "*posse comitatus*,"
The attorney last, who linger'd near the door,
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as
Antonia let him—not a little sore
At this most strange and unexplain'd "*hiatus*"
In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore
An awkward look; as he revolved the case
The door was fasten'd in his legal face.

CLXV.

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh shame!
Oh sin! Oh sorrow! and Oh womankind!
How can you do such things and keep your fame,
Unless this world, and t'other too, be blind?
Nothing so dear as an unfilch'd good name!
But to proceed—for there is more behind:
With much heart-felt reluctance be it said,
'oung Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from the bed.

CLXVI.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say
  How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,
  No doubt, in little compass, round or square;
But pity him I neither must nor may
  His suffocation by that pretty pair;
'Twere better, sure, to die so, than be shut
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.

CLXVII.

And, secondly, I pity not, because
  He had no business to commit a sin,
Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws,—
  At least 'twas rather early to begin;
But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
  So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accounts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.

CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion:
'Tis written in the Hebrew Chronicle,
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,
Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,
When old King David's blood grew dull in motion,
And that the medicine answer'd very well;
Perhaps 'twas in a different way applied,
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

CLXIX.

What's to be done? Alfonso will be back
The moment he has sent his fools away.
Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,
But no device could be brought into play-
And how to parry the renew'd attack?
Besides, it wanted but few hours of day:
Antonia puzzled; Julia did not speak,
But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

CLXX.

He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand
  Call'd back the tangles of her wandering hair;
Even then their love they could not all command,
  And half forgot their danger and despair:
Antonia's patience now was at a stand—
  " Come, come, 'tis no time now for fooling there,"
She whisper'd in great wrath—" I must deposit
" This pretty gentleman within the closet:

CLXXI.

Pray keep your nonsense for some luckier night—
" *Who* can have put my master in this mood?
What will become on't?—I'm in such a fright!
" The devil's in the urchin, and no good—
Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?
" Why, don't you know that it may end in blood?
You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,
My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

CLXXII.

" Had it but been for a stout cavalier
" Of twenty-five or thirty—(Come, make haste)
" But for a child, what piece of work is here!
" I really, madam, wonder at your taste—
" (Come, sir, get in)—my master must be near.
" There, for the present at the least he's fast,
" And, if we can but till the morning keep
" Our counsel—(Juan, mind you must not sleep)."

CLXXIII.

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,
Closed the oration of the trusty maid:
She loiter'd, and he told her to be gone,
An order somewhat sullenly obey'd;
However, present remedy was none,
And no great good seem'd answer'd if she stay'd:
Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,
She snuff'd the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun
   Some strange excuses for his late proceeding;
He would not justify what he had done,
   To say the best, it was extreme ill breeding;
But there were ample reasons for it, none
   Of which he specified in this his pleading:
His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "*rigmarole.*"

CLXXV.

Julia said nought; though all the while there rose
   A ready answer, which at once enables
A matron, who her husband's foible knows,
   By a few timely words to turn the tables,
Which, if it does not silence, still must pose,
   Even if it should comprise a pack of fables;
'Tis to retort with firmness, and when he
Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with *three*.

CLXXVI.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,
 Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known;
But whether 'twas that one's own guilt confounds—
 But that can't be, as has been often shown;
A lady with apologies abounds:
 It might be that her silence sprang alone
From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,
To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

CLXXVII.

There might be one more motive, which makes two:
 Alfonso ne'er to Juan had alluded,
Mention'd his jealousy, but never who
 Had been the happy lover, he concluded,
Conceal'd amongst his premises; 'tis true,
 His mind the more o'er this its mystery brooded;
To speak of Inez now were, one may say,
Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

CLXXVIII.

A hint, in tender cases, is enough;
  Silence is best, besides there is a *tact*
(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,
  But it will serve to keep my verse compact)
Which keeps, when push'd by questions rather rough,
  A lady always distant from the fact—
The charming creatures lie with such a grace,
There's nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them; at least I
  Have always done so; 'tis of no great use,
In any case, attempting a reply,
  For then their eloquence grows quite profuse;
And when at length they are out of breath, they sigh,
  And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose
A tear or two, and then we make it up;
And then—and then—and then—sit down and sup.

CLXXX.

Alfonso closed his speech, and begg'd her pardon,
  Which Julia half withheld, and then half granted,
And laid conditions, he thought, very hard on,
  Denying several little things he wanted:
He stood, like Adam, lingering near his garden,
  With useless penitence perplex'd and haunted,
Beseeching she no further would refuse,
When lo! he stumbled o'er a pair of shoes.

CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes!—what then? not much, if they
  Are such as fit with lady's feet, but these
(No one can tell how much I grieve to say)
  Were masculine; to see them and to seize
Was but a moment's act.—Ah! Well-a-day!
  My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze—
Alfonso first examined well their fashion,
And then flew out into another passion.

CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquish'd sword,
And Julia instant to the closet flew.
" Fly, Juan, fly! for heaven's sake—not a word—
" The door is open—you may yet slip through
" The passage you so often have explored—
" Here is the garden-key—Fly—fly—Adieu!
" Haste—haste!—I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—
" Day has not broke—there's no one in the street."

CLXXXIII.

None can say that this was not good advice,
The only mischief was, it came too late;
Of all experience 'tis the usual price,
A sort of income-tax laid on by Fate:
Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,
And might have done so by the garden-gate,
But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,
Who threaten'd death—so Juan knock'd him down.

CLXXXIV.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light,
 Antonia cried out "Rape!" and Julia "Fire!"
But not a servant stirr'd to aid the fight.
 Alfonso, pommell'd to his heart's desire,
Swore lustily he'd be revenged this night;
 And Juan, too, blasphemed, an octave higher;
His blood was up; though young, he was a Tartar,
And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropp'd ere he could draw it,
 And they continued battling hand to hand,
For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it;
 His temper not being under great command,
If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,
 Alfonso's days had not been in the land
Much longer.—Think of husbands', lovers' lives!
And how you may be doubly widows—wives!

CLXXXVI.

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,
And Juan throttled him to get away,
And blood ('twas from the nose) began to flow;
At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,
Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,
And then his only garment quite gave way;
He fled, like Joseph, leaving it—but there,
I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

CLXXXVII.

Lights came at length, and men and maids, who found
An awkward spectacle their eyes before;
Antonia in hysterics, Julia swoon'd,
Alfonso leaning, breathless, by the door;
Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,
Some blood, and several footsteps, but no more:
Juan the gate gain'd, turn'd the key about,
And liking not the inside, lock'd the out.

CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this Canto.—Need I sing or say,
How Juan, naked, favour'd by the Night
(Who favours what she should not), found his way,
And reach'd his home in an unseemly plight?
The pleasant scandal which arose next day,
The nine days' wonder which was brought to light,
And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,
Were in the English newspapers, of course.

CLXXXIX.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,
The depositions, and the cause at full,
The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings
Of counsel to non-suit or to annul,
There's more than one edition, and the readings
Are various, but they none of them are dull,
The best is that in short-hand, ta'en by Gurney,
Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.

CXC.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train
  Of one of the most circulating scandals
That had for centuries been known in Spain,
  At least since the retirement of the Vandals,
First vow'd (and never had she vow'd in vain)
  To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles;
And then, by the advice of some old ladies,
She sent her son to be shipp'd off from Cadiz.

CXCI.

She had resolved that he should travel through
  All European climes by land or sea,
To mend his former morals, and get new,
  Especially in France and Italy
(At least this is the thing most people do).
  Julia was sent into a convent; she
Grieved, but, perhaps, her feelings may be better
Shown in the following copy of her letter:

CXCII.

" They tell me 'tis decided; you depart:
" 'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain;
" I have no further claim on your young heart,
" Mine is the victim, and would be again;
" To love too much has been the only art
" I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain
" Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears—
" My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

CXCIII.

" I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
" State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,
" And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,
" So dear is still the memory of that dream;
" Yet, if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,—
" None can deem harshlier of me than I deem:
" I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
" I've nothing to reproach or to request.

CXCIV.

" Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
" 'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
" The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
" Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
" Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
" And few there are whom these can not estrange:
" Men have all these resources; we but one—
" To love again, and be again undone.

CXCV.

" You will proceed in pleasure and in pride,
" Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
" For me on earth, except some years to hide
" My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core;
" These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
" The passion, which still rages as before,
" And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
" That word is idle now—but let it go.

CXCVI.

" My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
" But still, I think, I can collect my mind;
" My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
" As roll the waves before the settled wind;
" My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
" To all, except one image, madly blind:
" So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
" As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

CXCVII.

" I have no more to say, but linger still,
" And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
" And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
" My misery can scarce be more complete:
" I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
" Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would
" meet,
" And I must even survive this last adieu,
" And bear with life, to love and pray for you!"

CXCVIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper,
With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new:
Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,
It trembled as magnetic needles do,
And yet she did not let one tear escape her;
The seal a sun-flower; "*Elle vous suit partout*,"
The motto, cut upon a white cornelian,
The wax was superfine, its hue vermillion.

CXCIX.

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape; but whether
I shall proceed with his adventures is
Dependant on the public altogether;
We'll see, however, what they say to this
(Their favour in an author's cap's a feather,
And no great mischief's done by their caprice);
And, if their approbation we experience,
Perhaps they'll have some more about a year hence.

CC.

My poem's epic, and is meant to be
  Divided in twelve books; each book containing,
With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,
  A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,
New characters; the episodes are three:
  A panorama view of hell's in training,
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,
  With strict regard to Aristotle's Rules,
The *vade mecum* of the true sublime,
  Which makes so many poets and some fools;
Prose poets like blank-verse—I'm fond of rhyme—
  Good workmen never quarrel with their tools:
I've got new mythological machinery,
And very handsome supernatural scenery.

CCII.

There's only one slight difference between
Me and my epic brethren gone before,
And here the advantage is my own, I ween
(Not that I have not several merits more,
But this will more peculiarly be seen);
They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
Whereas this story's actually true.

CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
To history, tradition, and to facts,
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
To plays in five, and operas in three acts;
All these confirm my statement a good deal,
But that which more completely faith exacts
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
  I'll write poetical commandments, which
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
  That went before; in these I shall enrich
My text with many things that no one knows,
  And carry precept to the highest pitch:
I'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,
Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope:
  Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey;
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
  The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthey:
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
  And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy:
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore:

5.

CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his:
Thou shalt not bear false witness, like "the Blues,"
(There's one, at least, is very fond of this):
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose:
This is true criticism, and you may kiss—
Exactly as you please, or not—the rod,
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d!

CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert
This story is not moral, first, I pray
That they will not cry out before they're hurt;
Then, that they'll read it o'er again, and say
(But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert)
That this is not a moral tale, though gay;
Besides, in canto twelfth, I mean to show
The very place where wicked people go.*

CCVIII.

If, after all, there should be some so blind
  To their own good this warning to despise,
Led by some tortuosity of mind,
  Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
And cry that they "the moral cannot find,"
  I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies—
Should captains the remark or critics make,
They also lie too—under a mistake.

CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,
  And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect
  (So children cutting teeth receive a coral);
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect
  My epical pretensions to the laurel:
For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.

CCX.

I sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor ;
Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money.

CCXI.

I think that with this holy new alliance
I may insure the public, and defy
All other magazines of art or science,
Daily, or monthly, or three-monthly ; I
Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,
Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

CCXII.

" *Non ego hoc ferrem calidâ juventâ*
  " *Consule Planco,*" Horace said, and so
Say I, by which quotation there is meant a
  Hint that some six or seven good years ago
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)
  I was most ready to return a blow,
And would not brook at all this sort of thing
In my hot youth—when George the Third was King.

CCXIII.

But now, at thirty years, my hair is gray
  (I wonder what it will be like at forty?
I thought of a peruke the other day),
  My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I
Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May,
  And feel no more the spirit to retort; I
Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.

CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me
  The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
  Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:
  Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my heart,
  Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
  Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:
The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art
  Insensible, I trust, but none the worse;
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,
Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgement.

CCXVI.

My days of love are over me, no more
  The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
Can make the fool of, which they made before—
  In short, I must not lead the life I did do:
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er;
  The copious use of claret is forbid, too;
So, for a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

CCXVII.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
  Before the shrines of Sorrow and of Pleasure;
And the two last have left me many a token
  O'er which reflection may be made at leisure:
Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,
  "Time is, Time was, Time's past," a chymic treasure
Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes—
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

CCXVIII.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man? old Egypt's King,
Cheops, erected the first pyramid
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;
But somebody or other, rummaging,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

CCXX.

But I, being fond of true philosophy,
Say very often to myself, "Alas!
"All things that have been born were born to die,
"And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass;
"You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly,
"And if you had it o'er again—'twould pass—
"So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
"And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse."

CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader! and
Still gentler purchaser! the bard—that's I—
Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,
And so your humble servant, and good bye!
We meet again, if we should understand
Each other; and, if not, I shall not try
Your patience further than by this short sample—
'Twere well if others follow'd my example.

CCXXII.

" Go, little book, from this my solitude !
  " I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways !
" And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
  " The world will find thee after many days."
When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood,
  I can't help putting in my claim to praise—
The four first rhymes are Southey's, every line :
For God's sake, reader ! take them not for mine.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

NOTE 1.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon.
Stanza v. line 1.

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona," etc.—HORACE.

NOTE 2.

Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
Stanza xvii. last line.

"Description des *vertus incomparables* de l'huile de Macassar."—See the advertisement.

NOTE 3.

Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample.
Stanza xlii. lines 5 and 6.

See Longinus, Section 10, "*ἵνα μὴ ἕν τι περὶ αὐτὴν πάθος φαίνηται, παθῶν δὲ σύνοδος.*"

NOTE 4.

They only add them all in an appendix.
Stanza xliv. line 7.

Fact. There is, or was, such an edition, with all the obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the end.

Note 5.

The bard I quote from does not sing amiss.
Stanza lxxxviii. line 5.

Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming; (I think) the opening of Canto II., but quote from memory.

Note 6.

Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely?
Stanza cxlviii. lines 7 and 8.

Donna Julia here made a mistake. Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers—but Algiers very nearly took him; he and his army and fleet retreated with great loss, and not much credit, from before that city, in the year 17—.

Note 7.

My days of love are over, me no more.
Stanza ccxvi. line 1.

"Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus."

DON JUAN.

CANTO II.

I.

Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals; never mind the pain:
The best of mothers and of educations,
In Juan's case, were but employed in vain,
Since in a way, that's rather of the oddest, he
Became divested of his native modesty.

II.

Had he but been placed at a public school,
In the third form, or even in the fourth,
His daily task had kept his fancy cool,
At least had he been nurtured in the north;
Spain may prove an exception to the rule,
But then exceptions always prove its worth—
A lad of sixteen causing a divorce
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

III.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,
If all things be consider'd: first, there was
His lady-mother, mathematical,
A —— never mind; his tutor, an old ass;
A pretty woman—(that's quite natural,
Or else the thing had hardly come to pass);
A husband rather old, not much in unity
With his young wife—a time, and opportunity.

IV.

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love, and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust—perhaps a name.

V.

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—
A pretty town, I recollect it well—
'Tis there the mart of the colonial trade is
(Or was, before Peru learn'd to rebel),
And such sweet girls—I mean such graceful ladies,
Their very walk would make your bosom swell;
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like:

VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb
 New broke, a cameleopard, a gazelle,
No—none of these will do;—and then their garb!
 Their veil and petticoat—Alas! to dwell
Upon such things, would very near absorb
 A canto—then their feet and ancles!—well,
Thank heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready
(And so, my sober Muse—come let's be steady—

VII.

Chaste Muse!—well, if you must, you must)—the veil
 Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale,
 Flashes into the heart:—All sunny land
Of love! when I forget you, may I fail
 To——say my prayers—but never was there plann'd
A dress through which the eyes give such a volley,
Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.

VIII.

But to our tale: the Donna Inez sent
  Her son to Cadiz only to embark;
To stay there had not answer'd her intent,
  But why?—we leave the reader in the dark—
'Twas for a voyage that the young man was meant,
  As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,
To wean him from the wickedness of earth,
And send him like a dove of promise forth.

IX.

Don Juan bid his valet pack his things
  According to direction, then received
A lecture and some money: for four springs
  He was to travel; and, though Inez grieved
(As every kind of parting has its stings),
  She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed:
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

X.

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,
  Brave Inez now set up a Sunday-school
For naughty children, who would rather play
  (Like truant rogues) the devil or the fool;
Infants of three years old were taught that day,
  Dunces were whipp'd or set upon a stool:
The great success of Juan's education
Spurr'd her to teach another generation.

XI.

Juan embark'd—the ship got under weigh,
  The wind was fair, the water passing rough,
A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,
  As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well enough;
And, standing upon deck, the dashing spray
  Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough:
And there he stood to take, and take again,
His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.

XII.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
 To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters—it unmans one quite;
 Especially when life is rather new:
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
 But almost every other country's blue,
When, gazing on them, mystified by distance,
We enter on our nautical existence.

XIII.

So Juan stood bewilder'd on the deck:
 The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors swore,
And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,
 From which away so fair and fast they bore.—
The best of remedies is a beef-steak
 Against sea-sickness; try it, sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer—so may you.

XIV.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,
  Beheld his native Spain receding far:
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
  Even nations feel this when they go to war;
There is a sort of unexpress'd concern,
  A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar:
At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

XV.

But Juan had got many things to leave—
  His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
So that he had much better cause to grieve
  Than many persons more advanced in life;
And, if we now and then a sigh must heave
  At quitting even those we quit in strife,
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

XVI.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
By Babel's water, still remembering Sion:
I'd weep, but mine is not a weeping Muse,
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on;
Young men should travel, if but to amuse
Themselves; and the next time their servants tie on
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

XVII.

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd, and thought,
While his salt tears dropp'd into the salt sea,
"Sweets to the sweet;" (I like so much to quote:
You must excuse this extract, 'tis where she,
The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought
Flowers to the grave), and sobbing often, he
Reflected on his present situation,
And seriously resolved on reformation.

XVIII.

" Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried,
" Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
" But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
" Of its own thirst to see again thy shore:
" Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide!
" Farewell, my mother! and, since all is o'er,
" Farewell, too, dearest Julia!"—(here he drew
Her letter out again, and read it through).

XIX.

" And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
" But that's impossible, and cannot be—
" Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
" Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
" Than I resign thine image, oh! my fair!
" Or think of any thing, excepting thee;
" A mind diseased no remedy can physic"—
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick).

XX.

" Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sicker)
" Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?—
" (For God's sake, let me have a glass of liquor—
" Pedro! Battista! help me down below).
" Julia, my love!—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker)—
" Oh, Julia!—(this cursed vessel pitches so)
" Beloved Julia! hear me still beseeching"—
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching)

XXI.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,
Beyond the best apothecary's art,
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we doat on, when a part
Of us dies with them, as each fond hope ends:
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

XXII.

Love's a capricious power; I've known it hold
  Out through a fever caused by its own heat,
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold
  And find a quinsy very hard to treat;
Against all noble maladies he's bold,
  But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,
Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,
Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

XXIII.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain
  About the lower region of the bowels;
Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
  Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
  Sea-sickness death: his love was perfect, how else
Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

XXIV.

The ship, called the most holy "Trinidada,"
Was steering duly for the port Leghorn;
For there the Spanish family Moncada
Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born:
They were relations, and for them he had a
Letter of introduction, which the morn
Of his departure had been sent him by
His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

XXV.

His suite consisted of three servants and
A tutor, the licenciate Pedrillo,
Who several languages did understand,
But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,
And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,
His headache being increased by every billow;
And the waves oozing through the port-hole made
His birth a little damp, and him afraid.

XXVI.

'Twas not without some reason, for the wind
Increased at night, until it blew a gale ;
And though 'twas not much to a naval mind,
Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale,
For sailors are, in fact, a different kind :
At sunset they began to take in sail,
For the sky showed it would come on to blow,
And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

XXVII.

At one o'clock, the wind with sudden shift,
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the
Whole of her stern-frame, and ere she could lift
Herself from out her present jeopardy
The rudder tore away : 'twas time to sound
The pumps, and there were four feet water found.

XXVIII.

One gang of people instantly was put
  Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
To get up part of the cargo, and what not,
  But they could not come at the leak as yet;
At last they did get at it really, but
  Still their salvation was an even bet:
The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,
While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin

XXIX.

Into the opening; but all such ingredients
  Would have been vain, and they must have gone down,
Despite of all their efforts and expedients,
  But for the pumps: I'm glad to make them known
To all the brother-tars who may have need hence,
  For fifty tons of water were upthrown
By them per hour, and they had all been undone
But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.

XXX.

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,
And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
Kept two hand and one chain pump still in use.
The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late
A squall came on, and, while some guns broke loose,
A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam-ends.

XXXI.

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset;
The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,
And made a scene men do not soon forget;
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
Or any other thing that brings regret,
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks:
Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers
And swimmers who may chance to be survivors.

XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
 Both main and mizen; first the mizen went,
The main-mast follow'd: but the ship still lay
 Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
 Eased her at last (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted),
And then with violence the old ship righted.

XXXIII.

It may be easily supposed, while this
 Was going on, some people were unquiet;
That passengers would find it much amiss
 To lose their lives, as well as spoil their diet;
That even the able-seaman, deeming his
 Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

XXXIV.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion ; thus it was,
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,
The high wind made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time ; fright cured the
qualms
Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws :
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
It with a pair of pistols ; and their fears,
As if Death were more dreadful by his door
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

XXXVI.

" Give us more grog," they cried, " for it will be
" All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd, " No!
" 'Tis true that death awaits both you and me,
" But let us die like men, not sink below
" Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post kept he,
And none liked to anticipate the blow;
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
And made a loud and pious lamentation;
Repented all his sins, and made a last
Irrevocable vow of reformation;
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)
To quit his academic occupation,
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,
To follow Juan's wake like Sancho Panca.

XXXVIII.

But now there came a flash of hope once more;
  Day broke, and the wind lull'd: the masts were gone,
The leak increased; shoals round her, but no shore,
  The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.
They tried the pumps again, and though before
  Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.

XXXIX.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was pass'd,
  And for the moment it had some effect;
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast
  Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect?
But still 'tis best to struggle to the last,
  'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd:
And though 'tis true that man can only die once,
'Tis not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

XL.

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from
thence,
Without their will, they carried them away;
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day
On which they might repose, or even commence
A jury mast or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

XLI.

The wind, in fact, perhaps was rather less,
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could hope
To weather out much longer; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water, and their solid mess
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope
Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

XLII.

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew
  A gale, and in the fore and after hold
Water appear'd; yet, though the people knew
  All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
Until the chains and leathers were worn through
  Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she roll'd,
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.

XLIII.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
  In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
Could do no more; he was a man in years,
  And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,
And if he wept at length, they were not fears
  That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now
  Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
  Of candles to their saints—but there were none
To pay them with; and some look'd o'er the bow;
  Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

XLV.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks, some put on
  Their best clothes as if going to a fair,
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun,
  And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair;
And others went on, as they had begun,
  Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
  Having been several days in great distress,
'Twas difficult to get out such provision
  As now might render their long suffering less:
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition;
  Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress:
Two casks of biscuit and a keg of butter
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

XLVII.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
  Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet;
Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so;
  Six flasks of wine; and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,
  And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon;
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.

XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
 Been stove in the beginning of the gale;
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
 As there were but two blankets for a sail,
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
 Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail;
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
To save one half the people then on board.

XLIX.

'Twas twilight, for the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one who hates us, so the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
 And hopeless eyes, which o'er the deep alone
Gazed dim and desolate; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

LI.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-coops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head-foremost—sunk, in short.

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell!
   Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
   As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
   And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
   Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
   Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
   Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV.

All the rest perish'd; near two hundred souls
Had left their bodies; and, what's worse, alas!
When over catholics the ocean rolls,
They must wait several weeks before a mass
Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
Because, till people know what's come to pass,
They won't lay out their money on the dead—
It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

LVI.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there
 Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,
 For Juan wore the magisterial face
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
 Of eyes were crying for their owner's case;
Battista (though a name called shortly Tita)
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save;
 But the same cause, conducive to his loss,
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave
 As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,
And so he found a wine-and-watery grave:
 They could not rescue him, although so close,
Because the sea ran higher every minute,
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

LVIII.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don Jóse's,
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,
For on such things the memory reposes
With tenderness,—stood howling on the brink,
Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses!)
No doubt, the vessel was about to sink;
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd
Off, threw him in, then after him he leap'd.

LIX.

He also stuff'd his money where he could
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
Not knowing what himself to say or do,
As every rising wave his dread renew'd;
But Juan, trusting they might still get through,
And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

LX.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
  That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
  They dared not take it in for all the breeze;
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
  And made them bale without a moment's ease,
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

LXI.

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boat still
  Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
  Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast;
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
  And present peril all before surpass'd,
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

LXII.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
 Of the continuance of the gale: to run
Before the sea, until it should grow fine,
 Was all that for the present could be done:
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
 Were served out to the people, who begun
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
 Which left scarce room for motion or exertion;
They did their best to modify their case,
 One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,
While t'other half were laid down in their place,
 At watch and watch; thus, shivering like the tertian
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great-coat.

LXIV.

'Tis very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it; this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

LXV.

'Tis said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,
Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,
That some, I really think, *do* never die;
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply:
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

LXVI.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,
They live upon the love of life, and bear
More than can be believed, or even thought,
And stand, like rocks, the tempest's wear and tear;
And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there—
She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey:
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables in a grumbling way,
Your labouring people think beyond all question,
Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;
For on the third day there came on a calm,
And though at first their strength it might renew,
And, lying on their weariness like balm,
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
In spite of all remonstrances, and then
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men!
And carry them to shore; these hopes were fine,
But, as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

LXX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
  And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child:
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
  The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild-
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)
  What could they do? and hunger's rage grew wild
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
  And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
  Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied),
  As a great favour, one of the fore-paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,
They lay like carcases; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not; savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see
The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

LXXIII.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellows' food.

LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes;
And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,
And none to be the sacrifice would choose;
At length the lots were torn up and prepared,
But of materials that much shock the Muse—
Having no paper, for the want of better,
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

LXXV.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed,
In silent horror, and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death:
  The surgeon had his instruments and bled
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
  You hardly could perceive when he was dead.
He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
  Like most in the belief in which they're bred,
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
  Had his first choice of morsels for his pains;
But being thirstiest at the moment, he
  Preferr'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins:
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
  And such things as the entrails and the brains
Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow—
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

LXXVIII.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
  Who were not quite so fond of animal food;
To these was added Juan, who, before
  Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
Feel now his appetite increased much more;
  'Twas not to be expected that he should,
Even in extremity of their disaster,
Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

LXXIX.

'Twas better that he did not; for, in fact,
  The consequence was awful in the extreme:
For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
  Went raging mad—Lord! how they did blaspheme!
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
  Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
And, with hyæna laughter, died despairing

LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,
And all the rest were thin enough, heaven knows;
And some of them had lost their recollection,
Happier than they who still perceived their woes;
But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,
For having used their appetites so sadly.

LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,
As fattest; but he saved himself, because,
Besides being much averse from such a fate,
There were some other reasons: the first was,
He had been rather indisposed of late,
And that which chiefly proved his saving clause,
Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,
By general subscription of the ladies.

LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,
But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,
And others still their appetites constrain'd,
Or but at times a little supper made;
All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead:
At length they caught two boobies and a noddy,
And then they left off eating the dead body.

LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
Remember Ugolino condescends
To eat the head of his arch-enemy
The moment after he politely ends
His tale; if foes be food in hell, at sea
'Tis surely fair to dine upon our friends,
When shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

LXXXIV.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth
When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth:
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your birth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

LXXXV.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer,
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,
They wrung it out, and, though a thirsty ditcher
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet,
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd;
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black,
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
To taste of heaven—if this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
" I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep, without a tear or groan.

LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit, held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed;
And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

XC.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down, all dumb and shivering,
And gave no signs of life, save his limbs quivering.

XCI.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

XCII.

It changed, of course; a heavenly cameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion,
Baptised in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle,
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

XCIII.

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—
It is as well to think so, now and then;
'Twas an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged; and most surely no men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—
Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage (probably it might have err'd
Upon its course), pass'd oft before their eyes,
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
Night fell:—this seem'd a better omen still.

XCV.

But in this case I also must remark,
'Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark
Was not so safe for roosting as a church;
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
Returning there from her successful search,
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
  But not with violence; the stars shone out,
The boat made way; yet now they were so low,
  They knew not where nor what they were about;
Some fancied they saw land, and some said "No!"
  The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,
And all mistook about the latter once.

XCVII.

As morning broke the light wind died away,
  When he who had the watch sung out, and swore
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,
  He wish'd that land he never might see more:
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,
  Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for
    shore;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
  And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
  And seem'd as if they had no further care;
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)-
  And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep; they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
  They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,
  Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
Proved even still a more nutricious matter,
  Because it left encouragement behind:
They thought that in such perils, more than chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

C.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
  And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it: they were lost
  In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been toss'd,
  So changeable had been the winds that blew;
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the highlands
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
  Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale:
  Their living freight was now reduced to four.
And three dead, whom their strength could not avail
  To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

CII.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd them to
Such things, a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew;
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

CIII.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest tops, and smooth'd the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

CIV.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
  And girt by formidable waves; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
  Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:
A reef between them also now began
  To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore, and overset her.

CV.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
  Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
And having learn'd to swim in that sweet river,
  Had often turn'd the art to some account.
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
  He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry:
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

CVII.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 'twas dash'd
Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea:

CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:
And there he lay, full-length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps in vain.

CIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea,
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse from out the famish'd three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
 And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:
 He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),
 And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

CXI.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
 He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
 For his congealing blood, and senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
 He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

CXII.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; methought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wish'd it death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

CXIII.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

CXIV.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers too.

CXV.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

CXVI.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind, and, though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

CXVII.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake, late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
  Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
  Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
  (A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

CXIX.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just
  One should not rail without a decent cause:
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
  I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if e'er she must
  Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws,
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

CXX.

And such was she, the lady of the cave:
  Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave;
  For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
  Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case:
  Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun;
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,
  But through them gold and gems profusely shone;
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
  Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flash'd on her little hand; but, what was shocking,
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

CXXII.

The other female's dress was not unlike,
But of inferior materials: she
Had not so many ornaments to strike;
Her hair had silver only, bound to be
Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,
Was coarser; and her air, though firm, less free;
Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,
Which are (as I must own) of female growth,
And have ten thousand delicate inventions:
They made a most superior mess of broth,
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's
Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

CXXIV.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair,
Lest they should seem princesses in disguise;
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air,
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize;
And so, in short, the girls they really were
They shall appear before your curious eyes,
Mistress and maid; the first was only daughter
Of an old man who lived upon the water.

CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he;
But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connexion with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he—though of men,
  Like Peter the Apostle,—and he fish'd
For wandering merchant-vessels, now and then,
  And sometimes caught as many as he wish'd;
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain
  He sought in the slave-market too, and dish'd
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
  (One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)
A very handsome house from out his guilt,
  And there he lived exceedingly at ease;
Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,
  A sad old fellow was he, if you please,
But this I know, it was a spacious building,
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter, call'd Haidee,
  The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;
Besides, so very beautiful was she,
  Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles:
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree
  She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below
  The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she found,
Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—
  Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half drown'd;
But being naked, she was shock'd, you know,
  Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,
As far as in her lay, "to take him in,
"A stranger" dying, with so white a skin.

CXXX.

But taking him into her father's house
   Was not exactly the best way to save,
But like conveying to the cat the mouse,
   Or people in a trance into their grave;
Because the good old man had so much "νους,"
   Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
He would have hospitably cured the stranger,
And sold him instantly, when out of danger.

CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best
   (A virgin always on her maid relies)
To place him in the cave for present rest:
   And when, at last, he open'd his black eyes,
Their charity increased about their guest;
   And their compassion grew to such a size,
It open'd half the turnpike-gates to heaven—.
(St. Paul says 'tis the toll which must be given).

CXXXII.

They made a fire, but such a fire as they
  Upon the moment could contrive with such
Materials as were cast up round the bay,
  Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch
Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay
  A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch ;
But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such plenty,
That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs and a pelisse,
  For Haidee stripp'd her sables off to make
His couch ; and, that he might be more at ease,
  And warm, in case by chance he should awake,
They also gave a petticoat apiece,
  She and her maid, and promised by day-break
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose:
  Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows),
  Just for the present; and in his lull'd head
Not even a vision of his former woes
  Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which sometimes spread
Unwelcome visions of our former years,
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

CXXXV.

Young Juan slept all dreamless:—but the maid,
  Who smooth'd his pillow, as she left the den
Look'd back upon him, and a moment stay'd,
  And turn'd, believing that he call'd again.
He slumber'd; yet she thought, at least she said
  (The heart will slip even as the tongue and pen),
He had pronounced her name—but she forgot
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's house she went,
  Enjoining silence strict to Zoë, who
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,
  She being wiser by a year or two:
A year or two's an age when rightly spent,
  And Zoë spent hers as most women do,
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge
Which is acquired in Nature's good old college.

CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still
  Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd upon
His rest; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,
  And the young beams of the excluded sun,
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill;
  And need he had of slumber yet, for none
Had suffer'd more—his hardships were comparative
To those related in my grand-dad's Narrative.

CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidee ; she sadly toss'd and tumbled,
  And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,
Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which she stumbled,
  And handsome corpses strew'd upon the shore ;
And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,
  And call'd her father's old slaves up, who swore
In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and Greek,—
They knew not what to think of such a freak.

CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,
  With some pretence about the sun, that makes
Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set ;
  And 'tis, no doubt, a sight to see when breaks
Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are wet
  With mist, and every bird with him awakes,
And night is flung off like a mourning suit
Worn for a husband, or some other brute.

CXL.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight,
  I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sat up on purpose all the night,
  Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate;
And so all ye, who would be in the right
  In health and purse, begin your day to date
From day-break, and when coffin'd at fourscore,
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

CXLI.

And Haidee met the morning face to face;
  Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race
  From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,
  That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread;
Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.

CXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,
Taking her for a sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

CXLIII.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepp'd,
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept;
And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood; then o'er him, still as death,
Bent with hush'd lips that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

CXLIV.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying
   Who die in righteousness, she lean'd ; and there
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,
   As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
But Zoë the meantime some eggs was frying,
   Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

CXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have victual,
   And that a shipwreck'd youth would hungry be;
Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,
   And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbouring sea;
And so, she cook'd their breakfast to a tittle;
   I can't say that she gave them any tea,
But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish, honey,
With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

CXLVI.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and
The coffee made, would fain have waken'd Juan ;
But Haidee stopp'd her with her quick small hand,
And without word, a sign her finger drew on
Her lip, which Zoë needs must understand ;
And, the first breakfast spoil'd, prepared a new one,
Because her mistress would not let her break
That sleep which seem'd as it would ne'er awake.

CXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
A purple hectic play'd like dying day
On the snow-tops of distant hills ; the streak
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and weak ;
And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,
Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
  Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,
  Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
  Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
  But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
  Had further sleep a further pleasure made;
For woman's face was never form'd in vain
  For Juan, so that even when he pray'd
He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
  And look'd upon the lady in whose cheek
The pale contended with the purple rose,
  As with an effort she began to speak;
Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,
  Although she told him, in good modern Greek,
With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,
That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

CLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,
  Being no Grecian; but he had an ear,
And her voice was the warble of a bird,
  So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard;
  The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
Whence Melody descends as from a throne.

CLII.

And Juan gazed as one who is awoke
By a distant organ, doubting if he be
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
By the watchman, or some such reality,
Or by one's early valet's cursed knock;
At least it is a heavy sound to me,
Who like a morning slumber—for the night
Shows stars and women in a better light.

CLIII.

And Juan, too, was help'd out from his dream,
Or sleep, or whatsoe'er it was, by feeling
A most prodigious appetite: the steam
Of Zoë's cookery no doubt was stealing
Upon his senses, and the kindling beam
Of the new fire, which Zoë kept up, kneeling,
To stir her viands, made him quite awake
And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles ;
Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and mutton,
And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on :
But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,
For some of these are rocks with scarce a hut on,
Others are fair and fertile, among which
This, though not large, was one of the most rich.

CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking
That the old fable of the Minotaur—
From which our modern morals, rightly shrinking,
Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore
A cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking
The allegory) a mere type, no more,
That Pasiphæ promoted breeding cattle,
To make the Cretans bloodier in battle. *

CLVI.

For we all know that English people are
Fed upon beef—I won't say much of beer,
Because 'tis liquor only, and being far
From this my subject has no business here ;-
We know, too, they are very fond of war,
A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear ;
So were the Cretans— from which I infer
That beef and battles both were owing to her.

CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised
His head upon his elbow, and he saw
A sight on which he had not lately gazed,
As all his latter meals had been quite raw,
Three or four things, for which the Lord he praised,
And, feeling still the famish'd vulture gnaw,
He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

CLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied; and she,
Who watch'd him like a mother, would have fed
Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see
Such appetite in one she had deem'd dead:
But Zoe, being older than Haidee,
Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)
That famish'd people must be slowly nursed,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

CLIX.

And so she took the liberty to state,
Rather by deeds than words, because the case
Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate
Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace
The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,
Unless he wish'd to die upon the place—
She snatch'd it, and refused another morsel,
Saying, he had gorged enough to make a horse ill.

CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd
Pair of scarce decent trowsers—went to work,
And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,
And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk,
Or Greek—that is, although it not much matter'd,
Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk,—
They furnish'd him, entire except some stitches,
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

CLXI.

And then fair Haidee tried her tongue at speaking,
But not a word could Juan comprehend,
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end;
And, as he interrupted not, went eking
Her speech out to her protégé and friend,
Till pausing at the last her breath to take,
She saw he did not understand Romaic.

CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,
  And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
And read (the only book she could) the lines
  Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
The answer eloquent, where the soul shines
  And darts in one quick glance a long reply;
And thus in every look she saw express'd
A world of words, and things at which she guess'd.

CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
  And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
  No doubt, less of her language than her look:
As he who studies fervently the skies
  Turns oftener to the stars than to his book,
Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better
From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

CLXIV.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong
They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;—
I learn'd the little that I know by this:

CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,
Italian not at all, having no teachers;
Much English I cannot pretend to speak,
Learning that language chiefly from its preachers,
Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week
I study, also Blair, the highest reachers
Of eloquence in piety and prose—
I hate your poets, so read none of those.

CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,
  A wanderer from the British world of fashion,
Where I, like other "dogs, have had my day,"
  Like other men too, may have had my passion—
But that, like other things, has pass'd away:
  And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on,
Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me
But dreams of what has been, no more to be.

CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun
  To hear new words, and to repeat them; but
Some feelings, universal as the sun,
  Were such as could not in his breast be shut
More than within the bosom of a nun:
  He was in love—as you would be, no doubt,
With a young benefactress,—so was she,
Just in the way we very often see.

CLXVIII.

And every day by day-break—rather early
  For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—
She came into the cave, but it was merely
  To see her bird reposing in his nest;
And she would softly stir his locks so curly,
  Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,
Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

CLXIX.

And every morn his colour freshlier came,
  And every day help'd on his convalescence;
'Twas well, because health in the human frame
  Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence,
For health and idleness to passion's flame
  Are oil and gunpowder; and some good lessons
Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.

CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart (without heart really
Love, though good always, is not quite so good)
Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli—
For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood,—
While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly:
Eggs, oysters too, are amatory food;
But who is their purveyor from above
Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan, or Jove.

CLXXI.

When Juan woke, he found some good things ready,
A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes
That ever made a youthful heart less steady,
Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size;
But I have spoken of all this already—
And repetition's tiresome and unwise,—
Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,
Came always back to coffee and Haidee.

CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,
That bathing pass'd for nothing; Juan seem'd
To her, as 'twere, the kind of being sent,
Of whom these two years she had nightly dream'd,
A something to be loved, a creature meant
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd
To render happy; all who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
Enlargement of existence to partake
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake:
To live with him for ever were too much;
But then the thought of parting made her quake:
He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love and her last.

CLXXIV.

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair Haidee
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took
Such plentiful precautions, that still he
Remain'd unknown within his craggy nook:
At last her father's prows put out to sea,
For certain merchantmen upon the look,
Not as of yore to carry off an Iö,
But three Ragusan vessels, bound for Scio.

CLXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,
So that, her father being at sea, she was
Free as a married woman, or such other
Female, as where she likes may freely pass,
Without even the incumbrance of a brother,
The freest she that ever gazed on glass:
I speak of Christian lands in this comparison,
Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in garrison.

CLXXVI.

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk
(For they must talk), and he had learnt to say
So much as to propose to take a walk,—
For little had he wander'd since the day
On which, like a young flower snapp'd from the stalk,
Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—
And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,
And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
A better welcome to the tempest-toss'd ;
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
Save on the dead long summer days, which make
The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.

CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach
  Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your champagne,
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,
  That spring-dew of the spirit! the heart's rain!
Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach
  Who please,—the more because they preach in vain,—
Let us have wine and woman, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

CLXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
  The best of life is but intoxication:
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
  The hopes of all men, and of every nation;
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk
  Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion:
But to return,—Get very drunk; and when
You wake with head ache, you shall see what then

CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
   Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king;
   For not the bless'd sherbet, sublimed with snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
   Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I
   Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the coast—
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
   The sands untumbled, the blue waves untoss'd,
And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,
   And dolphin's leap, and little billow cross'd
By some low rock or shelve that made it fret
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

CLXXXII.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition;
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
Save Zoë, who although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the sun,
Thought daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

CLXXXIII.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

CLXXXIV.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest; and each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
   And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above;
   Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
   And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
I think it must be reckon'd by its length.

CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
   Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never
      reckon'd;
And if they had, they could not have secured
   The sum of their sensations to a second:
They had not spoken; but they felt allured,
   As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,
Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they clung—
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.

CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
The twilight glow, which momently grew less,
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

CLXXXIX.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
They felt no terrors from the night, they were
All in all to each other: though their speech
Was broken words, they *thought* a language there,
And all the burning tongues the passions teach
Found in one sigh the best interpreter
Of Nature's oracle—first love,—that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

CXC.

Haidee spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,
  Nor offer'd any; she had never heard
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
  Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd;
She was all which pure ignorance allows,
  And flew to her young mate like a young bird;
And never having dreamt of falsehood, she
Had not one word to say of constancy.

CXCI.

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,
  And she was worshipp'd; after nature's fashion,
Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,
  If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion,—
But by degrees their senses were restored,
  Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;
And, beating 'gainst *his* bosom, Haidee's heart
Felt as if never more to beat apart.

CXCII.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
  So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
Was that in which the heart is always full,
  And, having o'er itself no further power,
Prompts deeds eternity can not annul,
  But pays off moments in an endless shower
Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

CXCIII.

Alas! for Juan and Haidee! they were
  So loving and so lovely—till then never,
Excepting our first parents, such a pair
  Had run the risk of being damn'd for ever;
And Haidee, being devout as well as fair,
  Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,
And hell and purgatory—but forgot
Just in the very crisis she should not.

CXCIV.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
  Gleam in the moonlight; and her white arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around hers lies
  Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;
She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
  He hers until they end in broken gasps;
And thus they form a group that's quite antique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

CXCV.

And when those deep and burning moments pass'd,
  And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
  Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms;
And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,
  And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,
Pillow'd on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
With all it granted, and with all it grants.

CXCVI.

An infant when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

CXCVII.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
All that it hath of life with us is living;
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving;
All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,
Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving;
There lies the thing we love with all its errors
And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

CXCVIII.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour
  Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;
  Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,
  Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
And all the stars that crowded the blue space
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

CXCIX.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
  To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
  And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
  And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

CC.

They are right; for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust,
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

CCI.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation,
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

CCII.

Haidee was Nature's bride, and knew not this;
  Haidee was Passion's child, born where the sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
  Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
  Who was her chosen: what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing—She had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat *here.*

CCIII.

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that beat!
  How much it costs us! yet each rising throb
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,
  That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob
Joy of its alchymy, and to repeat
  Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a tough job
To make us understand each good old maxim,
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

CCIV.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed:
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

CCV.

Oh Love! of whom great Cæsar was the suitor,
Titus the master, Antony the slave,
Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,
Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose grave
All those may leap who rather would be neuter—
(Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave)—
Oh Love! thou art the very god of evil,
For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state precarious,
  And jestest with the brows of mightiest men:
Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,
  Have much employ'd the muse of history's pen;
Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,—
  Such worthies Time will never see again;—
Yet to these four in three things the same luck holds,
They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckolds.

CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers: there's Epicurus
  And Aristippus, a material crew!
Who to immoral courses would allure us
  By theories, quite practicable too;
If only from the devil they would insure us,
  How pleasant were the maxim (not quite new),
"Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail us?"
So said the royal sage, Sardanapalus.

CCVIII.

But Juan! had he quite forgotten Julia?
  And should he have forgotten her so soon?
I can't but say it seems to me most truly a
  Perplexing question; but, no doubt, the moon
Does these things for us, and whenever newly a
  Palpitation rises, 'tis her boon,
Else how the devil is it that fresh features
Have such a charm for us poor human creatures?

CCIX.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
  Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
  No permanent foundation can be laid;
Love, constant love, has been my constant guest,
  And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,
And whisper'd " think of every sacred tie!"
" I will, my dear Philosophy!" I said,
" But they her teeth, and then, oh heaven! her ene!
" I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,
" Or neither—out of curiosity."
" Stop!" cried Philosophy, with air so Grecian,
(Though she was mask'd then as a fair Venetian)—

CCXI.

" Stop!" so I stopp'd.—But to return: that which
Men call inconstancy is nothing more
Than admiration due where nature's rich
Profusion with young beauty covers o'er
Some favour'd object; and as in the niche
A lovely statue we almost adore,
This sort of adoration of the real
Is but a heightening of the " beau ideal."

CCXII.

'Tis the perception of the beautiful,
A fine extension of the faculties,
Platonic, universal, wonderful,
Drawn from the stars and filter'd through the skies,
Without which life would be extremely dull;
In short, it is the use of our own eyes,
With one or two small senses added, just
To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

CCXIII.

Yet 'tis a painful feeling, and unwilling,
For surely if we always could perceive
In the same object graces quite as killing
As when she rose upon us like an Eve,
'Twould save us many a heart-ache, many a shilling
(For we must get them any how, or grieve),
Whereas, if one sole lady pleased for ever,
How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver!

CCXIV.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes night and day too, like the sky;
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
And darkness and destruction as on high;
But when it hath been scorch'd, and pierced, and riven,
Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
Pours forth at last the heart's blood turn'd to tears,
Which make the English climate of our years.

CCXV.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,
But very rarely executes its function,
For the first passion stays there such a while
That all the rest creep in and form a junction,
Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil;
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, compunction,
So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,
Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd "central."

CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more
  In this anatomy, I've finish'd now
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,
  That being about the number I'll allow
Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;
  And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,
Leaving Don Juan and Haidee to plead
For them and theirs with all who deign to read.

END OF VOLUME VII.

THE
WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON.

PRINTED BY A. BELIN.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON,

COMPREHENDING THE

SUPPRESSED POEMS.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT, AND A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

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DON JUAN.

" Difficile est proprie communia dicere."
Hor. *Epist. ad Pison.*

DON JUAN.

CANTO III.

I.

Hail, Muse! *et cetera*.—We left Juan sleeping,
  Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,
And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew weeping,
  And loved by a young heart, too deeply bless'd
To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,
  Or knew who rested there; a foe to rest
Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,
And furn'd her pure heart's purest blood to tears.

II.

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place to die—
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

III.

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is love,
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her:
One man alone at first her heart can move;
She then prefers him in the plural number,
Not finding that the additions much encumber.

IV.

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs;
But one thing's pretty sure; a woman planted—
(Unless at once she plunge for life in prayers)—
After a decent time must be gallanted;
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted;
Yet there are some, they say, who have had *none*,
But those who have ne'er end with only *one*.

V.

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combine,
Although they both are born in the same clime;
Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine-
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour
Down to a very homely household savour.

VI.

There's something of antipathy, as 'twere,
Between their present and their future state;
A kind of flattery that's hardly fair
Is used until the truth arrives too late—
Yet what can people do, except despair?
The same things change their names at such a rate;
For instance—passion in a lover's glorious,
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

VII.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;
They sometimes also get a little tired
(But that, of course, is rare), and then despond:
The same things cannot always be admired,
Yet 'tis "so nominated in the bond,"
That both are tired till one shall have expired.
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was adorning
Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.

VIII.

There's doubtless something in domestic doings,
Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis;
Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages;
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss:
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

IX.

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,
All comedies are ended by a marriage;
The future states of both are left to faith,
For authors fear description might disparage
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,
They say no more of Death or of the Lady.

X.

The only two that in my recollection
  Have sung of heaven and hell, or marriage, are
Dante and Milton, and of both the affection
  Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar
Of fault or temper ruin'd the connexion
  (Such things, in fact, it don't ask much to mar);
But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
Were not drawn from their spouses, you conceive.

XI.

Some persons say that Dante meant theology
  By Beatrice, and not a mistress—I,
Although my opinion may require apology,
  Deem this a commentator's phantasy,
Unless indeed it was from his own knowledge he
  Decided thus, and show'd good reason why;
I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstatics *
Meant to personify the mathematics.

XII.

Haidee and Juan were not married, but
The fault was theirs, not mine: it is not fair,
Chaste reader, then, in any way to put
The blame on me, unless you wish they were;
Then if you'd have them wedded, please to shut
The book which treats of this erroneous pair,
Before the consequences grow too awful—
'Tis dangerous to read of loves unlawful.

XIII.

Yet they were happy,—happy in the illicit
Indulgence of their innocent desires;
But more imprudent grown with every visit,
Haidee forgot the island was her sire's;
When we have what we like, 'tis hard to miss it,
At least in the beginning, ere one tires;
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

XIV.

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,
 Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,
For into a prime-minister but change
 His title, and 'tis nothing but taxation;
But he, more modest, took an humbler range
 Of life, and in an honester vocation
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

XV.

The good old gentleman had been detain'd
 By winds and waves, and some important captures;
And, in the hope of more, at sea remain'd,
 Although a squall or two had damp'd his raptures,
By swamping one of the prizes; he had chain'd
 His prisoners, dividing them like chapters,
In number'd lots; they all had cuffs and collars,
And averaged each from ten to a hundred dollars.

XVI.

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,
  Among his friends the Mainots; some he sold
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
  Toss'd overboard unsaleable (being old);
The rest—save here and there some richer one,
  Reserved for future ransom in the hold,—
Were link'd alike; as for the common people he
Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli.

XVII.

The merchandise was served in the same way,
  Pieced out for different marts in the Levant,
Except some certain portions of the prey,
  Light classic articles of female want,
French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothpicks, teapot tray,
  Guitars and castanets from Alicant,
All which selected from the spoil he gathers,
Robb'd for his daughter by the best of fathers.

XVIII.

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens,
He chose from several animals he saw—
A terrier too, which once had been a Briton's,
Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a pittance
These to secure in this strong blowing weather,
He caged in one huge hamper altogether.

XIX.

Then having settled his marine affairs,
Despatching single cruisers here and there,
His vessel having need of some repairs,
He shaped his course to where his daughter fair
Continued still her hospitable cares;
But that part of the coast being shoal and bare,
And rough with reefs which ran out many a mile,
His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

XX.

And there he went ashore without delay,
Having no custom-house nor quarantine
To ask him awkward questions on the way
About the time and place where he had been:
He left his ship to be hove down next day,
With orders to the people to careen;
So that all hands were busy beyond measure,
In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treasure.

XXI.

Arriving at the summit of a hill
Which overlook'd the white walls of his home,
He stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam!
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
With love for many, and with fears for some;
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

XXII.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,
After long travelling by land or water,
Most naturally some small doubt inspires—
A female family's a serious matter
(None trusts the sex more, or so much admires—
But they hate flattery, so I never flatter);
Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

XXIII.

An honest gentleman at his return
May not have the good fortune of Ulysses ;
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses ;
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn
To his memory, and two or three young misses
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches.
And that his Argus bites him by—the breeches.

XXIV.

If single, probably his plighted fair
  Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;
But all the better, for the happy pair
  May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,
He may resume his amatory care
  As cavalier servente, or despise her;
And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,
Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.

XXV.

And oh! ye gentlemen who have already
  Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean
An honest friendship with a married lady—
  The only thing of this sort ever seen
To last—of all connexions the most steady,
  And the true Hymen (the first's but a screen)—
Yet for all that keep not too long away,
I've known the absent wrong'd four times a-day.

XXVI.

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had
  Much less experience of dry land than ocean,
On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad;
  But not knowing metaphysics, had no notion
Of the true reason of his not being sad,
  Or that of any other strong emotion;
He loved his child, and would have wept the loss of
    her,
But knew the cause no more than a philosopher.

XXVII.

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,
  His garden trees all shadowy and green;
He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,
  The distant dog-bark; and perceived between
The umbrage of the wood, so cool and dun,
  The moving figures and the sparkling sheen
Of arms (in the East all arm), and various dyes
Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies.

XXVIII.

And as the spot where they appear he nears,
Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,
He hears—alas! no music of the spheres,
But an unhallow'd, earthly sound of fiddling!
A melody which made him doubt his ears,
The cause being past his guessing, or unriddling;
A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after,
A most unoriental roar of laughter.

XXIX.

And still more nearly to the place advancing,
Descending rather quickly the declivity,
Through the waved branches, o'er the greensward glancing,
'Midst other indications of festivity,
Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing
Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he
Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance so martial,
To which the Levantines are very partial.

XXX.

And further on a group of Grecian girls,
  The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
Were strung together like a row of pearls;
  Link'd hand in hand, and dancing; each too having
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—
  (The least of which would set ten poets raving);
Their leader sang—and bounded to her song,
With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

XXXI.

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,
  Small social parties just begun to dine;
Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
  And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,
And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;
  Above them their dessert grew on its vine,
The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er,
Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow
    store.

XXXII.

A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
There wreathe his venerable horns with flowers;
While peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
His sober head majestically tame,
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
His brow, as if in act to butt, and then,
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.

XXXIII.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,
Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic cheeks,
Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,
The gesture which enchants, the eye that speaks,
The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
Made quite a picture of these little Greeks;
So that the philosophical beholder
Sigh'd for their sakes—that they should e'er grow older.

XXXIV.

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales
To a sedate gray circle of old smokers,
Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,
Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,
Of rocks bewitch'd that open to the knockers,
Of magic ladies, who, by one sole act,
Transform'd their lords to beasts (but that's a fact).

XXXV.

Here was no lack of innocent diversion
For the imagination or the senses,
Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the Persian,
All pretty pastime in which no offence is;
But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,
Perceiving in his absence such expenses,
Dreading that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills.

XXXVI.

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ
The happiest mortals even after dinner—
A day of gold from out an age of iron
Is all that life allows the luckiest sinner;
Pleasure (whene'er she sings, at least) 's a siren,
That lures to flay alive the young beginner;
Lambro's reception at his people's banquet
Was such as fire accords to wet a blanket.

XXXVII.

He—being a man who seldom used a word
Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise
(In general he surprised men with the sword)
His daughter—had not sent before to advise
Of his arrival, so that no one stirr'd;
And long he paused to re-assure his eyes,
In fact much more astonish'd than delighted
To find so much good company invited.

XXXVIII.

He did not know—(alas ! how men will lie)—
That a report—(especially the Greeks)—
Avouch'd his death (such people never die),
And put his house in mourning several weeks.
But now their eyes and also lips were dry ;
The bloom too had return'd to Haidee's cheeks.
Her tears too being return'd into their fount,
She now kept house upon her own account.

XXXIX.

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and fiddling,
Which turn'd the isle into a place of pleasure ;
The servants all were getting drunk or idling,
A life which made them happy beyond measure.
Her father's hospitality seem'd middling,
Compared with what Haidee did with his treasure ;
'Twas wonderful how things went on improving,
While she had not one hour to spare from loving.

XL.

Perhaps you think, in stumbling on this feast
He flew into a passion, and in fact
There was no mighty reason to be pleased;
Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,
The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,
To teach his people to be more exact,
And that, proceeding at a very high rate,
He show'd the royal *penchants* of a pirate.

XLI.

You're wrong.—He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought;
No courtier could, and scarcely woman can
Gird more deceit within a petticoat;—
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society.

XLII.

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,
Tapping the shoulder of the nighest guest,
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,
Boded no good, whatever it express'd,
He asked the meaning of this holiday;
The vinous Greek to whom he had address'd
His question, much too merry to divine
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

XLIII.

And, without turning his facetious head,
Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,
Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,
"Talking's dry work, I have no time to spare."
A second hiccup'd, "Our old master's dead,
"You'd better ask our mistress who's his heir."
"Our mistress!" quoth a third: "Our mistress!—pooh!
"You mean our master—not the old, but new."

XLIV.

These rascals, being new comers, knew not whom
  They thus address'd—and Lambro's visage fell—
And o'er his eye a momentary gloom
  Pass'd, but he strove quite courteously to quell
The expression, and, endeavouring to resume
  His smile, requested one of them to tell
The name and quality of his new patron,
Who seem'd to have turn'd Haidee into a matron.

XLV.

" I know not," quoth the fellow, " who or what
  " He is, nor whence he came—and little care ;
" But this I know, that this roast capon's fat,
  " And that good wine ne'er wash'd down better fare ;
" And if you are not satisfied with that,
  " Direct your questions to my neighbour there ;
" He'll answer all for better or for worse,
" For none likes more to hear himself converse." [1]

XLVI.

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,
And certainly he show'd the best of breeding,
Which scarce even France, the paragon of nations,
E'er saw her most polite of sons exceeding;
He bore these sneers against his near relations,
His own anxiety, his heart too bleeding,
The insults too of every servile glutton,
Who all the time were eating up his mutton.

XLVII.

Now in a person used to much command—
To bid men come, and go, and come again—
To see his orders done too out of hand—
Whether the word was death, or but the chain—
It may seem strange to find his manners bland;
Yet such things are, which I can not explain,
Though doubtless he who can command himself
Is good to govern—almost as a Guelf.

XLVIII.

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,
But never in his real and serious mood;
Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,
He lay coil'd like the boa in the wood;
With him it never was a word and blow,
His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood,
But in his silence there was much to rue,
And his *one* blow left little work for *two*.

XLIX.

He ask'd no further questions, and proceeded
On to the house, but by a private way,
So that the few who met him hardly heeded,
So little they expected him that day;
If love paternal in his bosom pleaded
For Haidee's sake, is more than I can say,
But certainly to one, deem'd dead, returning,
This revel seem'd a curious mode of mourning.

L.

If all the dead could now return to life,
   (Which God forbid!) or some, or a great many;
For instance, if a husband or his wife
   (Nuptial examples are as good as any),
No doubt whate'er might be their former strife,
   The present weather would be much more rainy-
Tears shed into the grave of the connexion
Would share most probably its resurrection.

LI.

He enter'd in the house no more his home,
   A thing to human feelings the most trying,
And harder for the heart to overcome,
   Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dying;
To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb,
   And round its once warm precincts palely lying
The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

LII.

He enter'd in the house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome ; *there* he long had dwelt,
There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er,
There his worn bosom and keen eye would melt
Over the innocence of that sweet child,
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

LIII.

He was a man of a strange temperament,
Of mild demeanour though of savage mood,
Moderate in all his habits, and content
With temperance in pleasure as in food,
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant
For something better, if not wholly good ;
His country's wrongs and his despair to save her
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

LIV.

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,
The hardness by long habitude produced,
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,
The mercy he had granted oft abused,
The sights he was accustom'd to behold,
The wild seas and wild men with whom he cruised,
Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
And made him a good friend, but bad acquaintance.

LV.

But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian days;
'Tis true he had no ardent love for peace—
Alas! his country show'd no path to praise:
Hate to the world and war with every nation
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

LVI.

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
  Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—
  A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
  A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours.

LVII.

But whatsoe'er he had of love, reposed
  On that beloved daughter; she had been
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
  Amidst the savage deeds he had done and seen;
A lonely pure affection unopposed:
  There wanted but the loss of this to wean
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
And turn him, like the Cyclops, mad with blindness.

LVIII.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock ;
The ocean when its yeasty war is waging
Is awful to the vessel near the rock ;
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging—
Their fury being spent by its own shock,—
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

LIX.

It is a hard, although a common case,
To find our children running restive—they
In whom our brightest days we would retrace,
Our little selves re-form'd in finer clay ;
Just as old age is creeping on apace,
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
But in good company—the gout and stone.

LX.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing
   (Provided they don't come in after dinner);
'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring
   Her children up (if nursing them don't thin her);
Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
   To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).
A lady with her daughters or her nieces
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

LXI.

Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,
   And stood within his hall at eventide;
Meantime the lady and her lover sate
   At wassail in their beauty and their pride:
An ivory inlaid table spread with state
   Before them, and fair slaves on every side;
Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service mostly,
Mother of pearl and coral the less costly.

LXII.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes;
Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all meats,
And saffron soups, and sweetbreads; and the fishes
Were of the finest that e'er flounced in nets,
Dress'd to a Sybarite's most pamper'd wishes;
The beverage was various sherbets
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best for use.

LXIII.

These were ranged round, each in its crystal ewer,
And fruits and date-bread loaves closed the repast,
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,
In small fine China cups came in at last—
Gold cups of filigree, made to secure
The hand from burning, underneath them placed;
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too, were boil'd
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoil'd.

LXIV.

The hangings of the room were tapestry, made
Of velvet pannels, each of different hue,
And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid;
And round them ran a yellow border too;
The upper border, richly wrought, display'd,
Embroider'd delicately o'er with blue,
Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,
From poets, or the moralists their betters.

LXV.

These oriental writings on the wall,
Quite common in those countries, are a kind
Of monitors adapted to recal,
Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to the mind
The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,
And took his kingdom from him.—You will find,
Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

LXVI.

A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,
A genius who has drunk himself to death,
A rake turn'd methodistic or eclectic—
(For that's the name they like to pray beneath)—
But most, an alderman struck apoplectic,
Are things that really take away the breath,
And show that late hours, wine, and love, are able
To do not much less damage than the table.

LXVII.

Haidee and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appear'd quite new;
The velvet cushions—(for a throne more meet)—
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

LXVIII.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
Had done their work of splendour; Indian mats
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
Over the floors were spread; gazelles and cats,
And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things, that gain
Their bread as ministers and favourites—(that's
To say, by degradation)—mingled there
As plentiful as in a court or fair.

LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
Fretted with gold or silver:—by command,
The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands, and sherbets in ice, and wine—
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Haidee's:
  She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white, was her chemise—
  'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
With buttons form'd of pearls as large as pease,
  All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

LXXI.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,
  Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,
  The limb which it adorn'd its only mould;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
  And clinging as if loth to lose its hold,
The purest ore inclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.[a]

LXXII.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
  A like gold bar, above her instep roll'd,[3]
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;
  Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
  Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange silk full Turkish trowsers furl'd
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

LXXIII.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
  Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal
  Her person[4] if allow'd at large to run,
And still they seem resentfully to feel
  The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

LXXIV.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
  The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
  With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
  Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

LXXV.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
  (It is the country's custom), but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
  The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,
And in their native beauty stood avenged:
  Her nails were touch'd with henna; but again
The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

LXXVI.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;
She had no need of this, day ne'er will break
On mountain tops more heavenly white than her:
The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
She was so like a vision; I might err,
But Shakespeare also says 'tis very silly
"To gild réfined gold, or paint the lily."

LXXVII.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baracan, and so transparent
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
Like small stars through the milky way apparent;
His turban, furl'd in many a graceful fold,
An emerald aigrette with Haidee's hair in 't
Surmounted as its clasp—a glowing crescent,
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
  Dwarfs, dancing girls, black eunuchs, and a poet,
Which made their new establishment complete;
  The last was of great fame, and liked to show it:
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
  And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
He being paid to satirise or flatter,
As the psalm says, "inditing a good matter."

LXXIX.

He praised the present and abused the past,
  Reversing the good custom of old days,
An eastern anti-jacobin at last
  He turn'd, preferring pudding to *no* praise—
For some few years his lot had been o'ercast
  By his seeming independent in his lays,
But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha,
With truth like Southey and with verse like Crashaw.

LXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
And always changed as true as any needle,
His polar star being one which rather ranges,
And not the fix'd—he knew the way to wheedle:
So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft avenges;
And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd ill),
He lied with such a fervour of intention—
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pension.

LXXXI.

But he had genius,—when a turncoat has it
The "Vates irritabilis" takes care
That without notice few full moons shall pass it;
Even good men like to make the public stare:—
But to my subject—let me see—what was it?
Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—
Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mod
Of living in their insular abode,

LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less
  In company a very pleasant fellow,
Had been the favourite of full many a mess
  Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow;
And though his meaning they could rarely guess,
  Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow
The glorious meed of popular applause,
Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause.

LXXXIII.

But now being lifted into high society,
  And having pick'd up several odds and ends
Of free thoughts in his travels, for variety,
  He deem'd, being in a lone isle among friends,
That without any danger of a riot, he
  Might for long lying make himself amends;
And, singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with truth.

LXXXIV.

He had travell'd 'mongst the Arabs, Turks, and Franks,
  And knew the self-loves of the different nations;
And, having lived with people of all ranks,
  Had something ready upon most occasions—
Which got him a few presents and some thanks.
  He varied with some skill his adulations;
To " do at Rome as Romans do," a piece
Of conduct was which he observed in Greece.

LXXXV.

Thus, usually, when he was ask'd to sing,
  He gave the different nations something national;
'Twas all the same to him—" God save the king,"
  Or " *Ça ira*," according to the fashion all;
His muse made increment of any thing,
  From the high lyrical to the low rational:
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?

LXXXVI.

In France, for instance, he would write a chanson;
In England, a six-canto quarto tale;
In Spain, he'd make a ballad or romance on
The last war—much the same in Portugal;
In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on
Would be old Goëthe's—(see what says de Staël);
In Italy, he'd ape the "Trecentisti;"
In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t'ye:

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
  The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
  Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Bless'd."

The mountains look on Marathon—
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
  And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
  Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more bless'd?
  Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, "Let one living head,
"But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
  They have a king who buys and sells.
In native swords, and native ranks,
  The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
  But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
  Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
  There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LXXXVII.

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
  The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
  Yet in these times he might have done much worse:
His strain display'd some feeling—right or wrong;
  And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers.

LXXXVIII.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
  Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
  'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
  Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his.

LXXXIX.

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
In chronological commemoration,
Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,
Or graven stone found in a barrack's station
In digging the foundation of a closet,
May turn his name up as a rare deposit.

XC.

And glory long has made the sages smile ;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind :
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle ;
The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.

XCI.

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;
  A little heavy, but no less divine:
An independent being in his day—
  Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine;
But his life falling into Johnson's way,
  We're told this great high priest of all the Nine
Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd spouse,
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

XCII.

All these are, *certes*, entertaining facts,
  Like Shakespeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's bribes;
Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts;
  Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well describes);
Like Cromwell's pranks;—but although truth exacts
  These amiable descriptions from the scribes,
As most essential to their hero's story,
They do not much contribute to his glory.

XCIII.

All are not moralists like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantisocrasy;"
Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who then
Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy;
Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen
Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy;
When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).

XCIV.

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
Their loyal treason, renegado vigour,
Are good manure for their more bare biography.
Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
Than any since the birthday of typography;
A clumsy frowzy poem, call'd the "Excursion,"
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

XCV.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
Between his own and others' intellect;
But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, like
Joanna Southcote's Shiloh and her sect,
Are things which in this century don't strike
The public mind, so few are the elect;
And the new births of both their stale virginities
Have proved but dropsies taken for divinities.

XCVI.

But let me to my story: I must own,
If I have any fault, it is digression;
Leaving my people to proceed alone,
While I soliloquize beyond expression;
But these are my addresses from the throne,
Which put off business to the ensuing session:
Forgetting each omission is a loss to
The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call "*longueurs*"
(We've not so good a *word*, but have the *thing*
In that complete perfection which ensures
An epic from Bob Southey every spring),—
Form not the true temptation which allures
The reader; but 'twould not be hard to bring
Some fine examples of the *epopée*,
To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*.

XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, Homer sometimes sleeps;
We feel without him: Wordsworth sometimes wakes,
To show with what complacency he creeps,
With his dear "*Waggoners*," around his lakes;
He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—
Of ocean?—No, of air; and then he makes
Another outcry for "a little boat,"
And drivels seas to set it well afloat.

XCIX.

If he must fain sweep o'er the etherial plain,
And Pegasus runs restive in his "waggon,"
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?
Or pray Medea for a single dragon?
Or if too classic for his vulgar brain,
He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on,
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

C.

"Pedlars," and "boats," and "waggons!" Oh! ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
That trash of such sort not alone evades
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
Floats scum-like uppermost, and these Jack Cades
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss—
The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"
Cans neer at him who drew "Achitophel!"

CI.

T' our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired;
The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight sky admired;—
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

CII.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem stirr'd with prayer.

CIII.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
  Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
  Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
  Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove-
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

CIV.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
  In nameless print—that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
  And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
  My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

CV.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Ever-green forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

CVI.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echos, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's eye.

CVII.

[5] Oh Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

CVIII.

[6] Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

CIX.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
  Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
  Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb:
  Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

CX.

But I'm digressing: what on earth has Nero,
  Or any such like sovereign buffoons,
To do with the transactions of my hero,
  More than such madmen's fellow-man—the moon's?
Sure my invention must be down at zero,
  And I grown one of many "wooden spoons"
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs please
To dub the last of honours in degrees).

CXI.

I feel this tediousness will never do—
'Tis being *too* epic, and I must cut down
(In copying) this long canto into two;
They'll never find it out, unless I own
The fact, excepting some experienced few;
And then as an improvement 'twill be shown:
I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is
From Aristotle *passim*.—See Ποιητικης.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

NOTE 1.

For none likes more to hear himself converse.
Stanza xlv. last line.

Rispose allor' Margatte, a dirtel tosto,
Io non credo più al nero ch' all' azzurro;
Ma nel cappone, o lesso, o vuogli arrosto,
E credo alcuna volta anco nel burro;
Nella cervogia, e quando io n'ho nel mosto,
E molto più nell' espro che il mangurro;
Ma sopra tutto nel buon vino ho fede,
E credo che sia salvo chi gli crede.

PULCI, *Morgante Maggiore,* Canto 18, Stanza 151.

NOTE 2.

That e'er by precious metal was held in.
Stanza lxxi. last line.

This dress is Moorish, and the bracelets and bar are worn in the manner described. The reader will perceive hereafter, that, as the mother of Haidee was of Fez, her daughter wore the garb of the country.

NOTE 3.

A like gold bar, above her instep roll'd.
Stanza lxxii. line 2.

The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sovereign rank in the women of the families of the Deys, and is worn as such by their female relatives.

NOTE 4.

Her person if allow'd at large to run.
Stanza lxxiii. line 4.

This is no exaggeration; there were four women whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their hair in this profusion; of these, three were English, the other was a Levantine. Their hair was of that length and quantity, that when let down, it almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a superfluity. Of these, only one had dark hair; the Oriental's had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the four.

NOTE 5.

Oh Hesperus! thou bringest all good things.
Stanza cvii. line 1.

Εσπερε παντα φερεις,
Φερεις οινον, φερεις αιγα,
Φερεις ματερι παιδα.
Fragment of Sappho.

Note 6.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart.
Stanza cviii. line 1.

"Era già l' ora che volge 'l disio,
"A' naviganti, e 'ntenerisce il cuore;
"Lo dì ch' han detto a' dolci amici a dio;
"E che lo nuovo peregrin' d' amore
"Punge, se ode Squilla di lontano,
"Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore."

DANTE's *Purgatory*, Canto viii.

This last line is the first of Gray's Elegy, taken by him without acknowledgment.

Note 7.

Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb.
Stanza cix. line 5.

See Suetonius for this fact.

DON JUAN.

CANTO IV.

I.

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning
  In poesy, unless perhaps the end ;
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
  The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven for sinning ;
  Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

II.

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,
And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the devil,
That neither of their intellects are vast:
While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
We know not this—the blood flows on too fast;
But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

III.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wish'd that others held the same opinion;
They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
And other minds acknowledged my dominion:
Now my sere fancy "falls into the yellow
"Leaf," and imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

IV.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, which we must steep
First in the icy depths of Lethe's spring
Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep;
Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;
A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

V.

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line:
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine;
But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd,
Unless it was to be a moment merry,
A novel word in my vocabulary.

VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
  This way of writing will appear exotic;
Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,
  Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,
And revell'd in the fancies of the time,
  True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings despotic;
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

VII.

How I have treated it, I do not know—
  Perhaps no better than they have treated me
Who have imputed such designs as show
  Not what they saw, but what they wish'd to see;
But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,
  This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free:
Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
And tells me to resume my story here.

VIII.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
  To their own hearts' most sweet society;
Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft
  With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms; he
Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft,
  Though foe to love; and yet they could not be
Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,
Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

IX.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their
  Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail;
The blank gray was not made to blast their hair,
  But, like the climes that know nor snow nor hail,
They were all summer: lightning might assail
  And shiver them to ashes, but to trail
A long and snake-like life of dull decay
Was not for them—they had too little clay.

X.

They were alone once more; for them to be
Thus was another Eden; they were never
Weary, unless when separate: the tree
Cut from its forest root of years—the river
Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the knee
And breast maternal wean'd at once for ever,
Would wither less than these two torn apart;
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart—

XI.

The heart—which may be broken: happy they!
Thrice fortunate! who, of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall: they can ne'er behold
The long year link'd with heavy day on day,
And all which must be borne, and never told;
While life's strange principle will often lie
Deepest in those who long the most to die.

XII.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even more-
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those whom longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

XIII.

Haidee and Juan thought not of the dead.
The heavens, and earth, and air, seem'd made for them:
They found no fault with Time, save that he fled;
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn:
Each was the other's mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,
And knew such brightness was but the reflection
Of their exchanging glances of affection.

XIV.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,
The least glance better understood than words,
Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much;
A language, too, but like to that of birds,
Known but to them, at least appearing such
As but to lovers a true sense affords;
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd
To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne'er heard:

XV.

All these were theirs, for they were children still,
And children still they should have ever been;
They were not made in the real world to fill
A busy character in the dull scene,
But like two beings born from out a rill,
A nymph and her beloved, all unseen
To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
And never know the weight of human hours.

XVI.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless found
Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys
As rarely they beheld throughout their round;
And these were not of the vain kind which cloys,
For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound
By the mere senses; and that which destroys
Most love, possession, unto them appear'd
A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

XVII.

Oh beautiful! and rare as beautiful!
But theirs was love in which the mind delights
To lose itself, when the whole world grows dull,
And we are sick of its hack sounds and sights,
Intrigues, adventures of the common school,
Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,
Where Hymen's torch but brands one strumpet more
Whose husband only knows her not a wh—re.

XVIII.

Hard words; harsh truth; a truth which many know.
  Enough.—The faithful and the fairy pair,
Who never found a single hour too slow,
  What was it made them thus exempt from care?
Young innate feelings all have felt below
  Which perish in the rest, but in them were
Inherent; what we mortals call romantic,
And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

XIX.

This is in others a factitious state,
  An opium dream of too much youth and reading,
But was in them their nature or their fate:
  No novels e'er had set their young hearts bleeding,
For Haidee's knowledge was by no means great,
  And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding;
So that there was no reason for their loves*
More than for those of nightingales or doves.

XX.

They gazed upon the sunset; 'tis an hour
Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,
For it had made them what they were: the power
Of love had first o'erwhelm'd them from such skies,
When happiness had been their only dower,
And twilight saw them link'd in passion's ties;
Charm'd with each other, all things charm'd that brought
The past still welcome as the present thought.

XXI.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,
Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,
And swept, as 'twere, across their hearts' delight,
Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,
When one is shook in sound, and one in sight;
And thus some boding flash'd through either frame
And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
While one new tear arose in Haidee's eye.

XXII.

That large black prophet eye seem'd to dilate
  And follow far the disappearing sun,
As if their last day of a happy date
  With his broad, bright, and dropping orb were gone;
Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—
  He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,
His glance inquired of hers for some excuse
For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

XXIII.

She turn'd to him, and smiled, but in that sort
  Which makes not others smile; then turn'd aside:
Whatever feeling shook her, it seem'd short,
  And master'd by her wisdom or her pride;
When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—
  Of this their mutual feeling, she replied—
"If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—
"Or I at least shall not survive to see."

XXIV.

Juan would question further, but she press'd
  His lips to hers, and silenced him with this,
And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,
  Defying augury with that fond kiss;
And no doubt of all methods 'tis the best:
  Some people prefer wine—'tis not amiss;
I have tried both; so those who would a part take
May choose between the headache and the heartache.

XXV.

One of the two, according to your choice,
  Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo;
Both maladies are taxes on our joys:
  But which to choose I really hardly know;
And if I had to give a casting voice,
  For both sides I could many reasons show,
And then decide, without great wrong to either,
It were much better to have both than neither.

XXVI.

Juan and Haidee gazed upon each other
  With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,
Which mix'd all feelings, friend, child, lover, brother,
  All that the best can mingle and express
When two pure hearts are pour'd in one another,
  And love too much, and yet can not love less;
But almost sanctify the sweet excess
By the immortal wish and power to bless.

XXVII.

Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
  Why did they not then die?—they had lived too long
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
  Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong,
The world was not for them, nor the world's art
  For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense,
It was their very spirit—not a sense.

XXVIII.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
Called social, where all vice and hatred are;
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;
The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
Flock o'er their carrion, just as mortals do.

XXIX.

Now pillow'd, cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
Haidee and Juan their siesta took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
And Haidee's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook
A wordless music, and her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream as rose-leaves with the air;

XXX.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
  Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks over it, was she shaken by the dream,
  The mystical usurper of the mind—
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
  Good to the soul which we no more can bind.
Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

XXXI.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,
  Chain'd to a rock; she knew not how, but stir
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
  Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her;
And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,
  Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die:

XXXII.

Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd
  O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,
And stumbled almost every step she made;
  And something roll'd before her in a sheet,
Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid;
  'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet
Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasp'd,
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

XXXIII.

The dream changed; in a cave she stood, its walls
  Were hung with marble icicles; the work
Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
  Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and
      lurk;
Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
  Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and murk
The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they caught,
Which froze to marble as it fell, she thought.

XXXIV.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,
  Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,
Which she essay'd in vain to clear, (how sweet
  Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now!)
Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
  Of his quench'd heart; and the sea-dirges low
Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,
And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

XXXV.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
  Faded, or alter'd into something new—
Like to her father's features, till each trace
  More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—
With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace;
  And starting, she awoke, and what to view?
Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?
'Tis—'tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair!

XXXVI.

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
Him whom she deem'd a habitant where dwell
The ocean-buried, risen from death, to be
Perchance the death of one she loved too well;
Dear as her father had been to Haidee,
It was a moment of that awful kind——
I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

XXXVII.

Up Juan sprung to Haidee's bitter shriek,
And caught her falling, and from off the wall
Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak
Vengeance on him who was the cause of all:
Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,
Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my call
"A thousand scimitars await the word;
"Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

XXXVIII.

And Haidee clung around him ; " Juan, 'tis—
" 'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kneel with me—
" He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
" Oh ! dearest father, in this agony
" Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
" Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
" That doubt should mingle with my filial joy ?
" Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

XXXIX.

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
Not always signs with him of calmest mood :
He look'd upon her, but gave no reply ;
Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
Oft came and went, as there resolved to die ;
In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

XL.

"Young man, your sword;" so Lambro once more said:
Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free."
The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,
And drawing from his belt a pistol, he
Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."
Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see
'Twas fresh—for he had lately used the lock—
And next proceeded quietly to cock.

XLI.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe;
But after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

XLII.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
 Had stopp'd this Canto, and Don Juan's breath,
When Haidee threw herself her boy before;
 Stern as her sire: "On me," she cried, "let death
"Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore
 "He found—but sought not. I have pledged my faith;
"I love him—I will die with him: I knew
"Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too."

XLIII.

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
 And tenderness, and infancy: but now
She stood as one who champion'd human fears—
 Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the blow;
And tall beyond her sex and their compeers,
 She drew up to her height, as if to show
A fairer mark; and with a fix'd eye scann'd
Her father's face—but never stopp'd his hand.

XLIV.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 'twas strange
  How like they look'd! the expression was the same;
Serenely savage, with a little change
  In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame;
For she too was as one who could avenge,
  If cause should be—a lioness, though tame:
Her father's blood before her father's face
Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

XLV.

I said they were alike, their features and
  Their stature differing but in sex and years;
Even to the delicacy of their hands
  There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;
And now to see them, thus divided, stand
  In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears,
And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,
Show what the passions are in their full growth.

XLVI.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
  His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still,
And looking on her, as to look her through,
  "Not *I*," he said, "have sought this stranger's ill,
"Not *I* have made this desolation: few
  "Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill;
"But I must do my duty—how thou hast
"Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

XLVII.

"Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,
  "His own shall roll before you like a ball!"
He raised his whistle, as the word he said,
  And blew; another answer'd to the call,
And rushing in disorderly, though led,
  And arm'd from boot to turban, one and all,
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank;
He gave the word, "Arrest or slay the Frank."

XLVIII.

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
His daughter; while compress'd within his grasp,
'Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew;
In vain she struggled in her father's grasp—
His arms were like a serpent's coil: then flew
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
The file of pirates; save the foremost, who
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

XLIX.

The second had his cheek laid open; but
The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
His own well in; so well, ere you could look,
His man was floor'd, and helpless at his foot,
With the blood running like a little brook
From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
One on the arm, the other on the head.

L.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore
  Juan from the apartment: with a sign
Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,
  Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.
They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar
  Until they reach'd some galliots, placed in line;
On board of one of these, and under hatches,
They stow'd him, with strict orders to the watches.

LI.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,
  And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:
A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,
  Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,
Just at the very time when he least broods
  On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent,
Wounded and chain'd, so that he cannot move,
And all because a lady fell in love.

LII.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,
 Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea!
Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic;
 For if my pure libations exceed three,
I feel my heart become so sympathetic,
 That I must have recourse to black Bohea:
'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious,

LIII.

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac!
 Sweet Naïad of the Phlegethontic rill!
Ah! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,
 And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers ill?
I would take refuge in weak punch, but *rack*
 (In each sense of the word), whene'er I fill
My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,
Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

LIV.

I leave Don Juan for the present safe—
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded;
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
Of those with which his Haidee's bosom bounded?
She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,
And then give way, subdued because surrounded;
Her mother was a Moorish maid, from Fez,
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

LV.

There the large olive rains its amber store
In marble fonts; there grain, and flower, and fruit
Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;
But there too many a poison-tree has root,
And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan,
And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

LVI.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

LVII.

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

LVIII.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermaster'd and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she view'd an instant and no more,—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

LIX.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes[2]
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er;
And her head droop'd as when the lily lies
O'ercharged with rain: her summon'd handmaids bore
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

LX.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill
With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still;
No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead;
Corruption came not in each mind to kill
All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul,
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

LXI.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,
But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,
And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
Their energy like life forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

LXII.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
  Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new,
A strange sensation which she must partake
  Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
  Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

LXIII.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
  On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her without asking why,
  And reck'd not who around her pillow sat;
Not speechless though she spoke not; not a sigh
  Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

LXIV.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
  Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
  However dear or cherish'd in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
  Gentle, but without memory, she lay;
And yet those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, seem'd full of fearful meaning.

LXV.

At last a slave bethought her of a harp;
  The harper came, and tuned his instrument;
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
  On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turn'd as if to warp
  Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent,
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

LXVI.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
  In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of love; the fierce name struck through all
  Her recollection; on her flash'd the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
  To be so being; in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

LXVII.

Short solace, vain relief!—thought came too quick,
  And whirl'd her brain to madness; she arose
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
  And flew at all she met, as on her foes;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
  Although her paroxysm drew towards its close:
Hers was a frensy which disdain'd to rave,
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

LXVIII.

Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense;
  Nothing could make her meet her father's face,
Though on all other things with looks intense
  She gazed, but none she ever could retrace;
Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence
  Avail'd for either; neither change of place,
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone for ever.

LXIX.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at last,
  Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her pass'd:
  And they who watch'd her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
  Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!

LXX.

She died, but not alone; she held within
A second principle of life, which might
Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin;
But closed its little being without light,
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
Blossom and bough lie wither'd with one blight;
In vain the dews of Heaven descend above
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

LXXI.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not stay'd
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

LXXII.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
  Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
  And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
  No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

LXXIII.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
  Sighs o'er her name, and many an islander
With her sire's story makes the night less long;
  Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her;
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
  A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape; let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

LXXIV.

But let me change this theme, which grows too sad,
And lay this sheet of sorrow on the shelf;
I don't much like describing people mad,
For fear of seeming rather touch'd myself—
Besides, I've no more on this head to add;
And as my Muse is a capricious elf,
We'll put about, and try another tack
With Juan, left half-kill'd some stanzas back.

LXXV.

Wounded and fetter'd, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,"
Some days and nights elapsed before that he
Could altogether call the past to mind;
And when he did, he found himself at sea,
Sailing six knots an hour before the wind;
The shores of Ilion lay beneath their lee—
Another time he might have liked to see 'em,
But now was not much pleased with Cape Sigæum.

LXXVI.

There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is
(Flank'd by the Hellespont and by the sea)
Entomb'd the bravest of the brave, Achilles;
They say so—(Bryant says the contrary):
And further downward, tall and towering still, is
The tumulus—of whom? Heaven knows; 't may
Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus,—
All heroes who if living still would slay us.

LXXVII.

High barrows, without marble, or a name,
A vast, untill'd, and mountain-skirted plain,
And Ida in the distance, still the same,
And old Scamander (if 'tis he), remain;
The situation seems still form'd for fame—
A hundred thousand men might fight again
With ease; but where I sought for Ilion's walls,
The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise crawls;

LXXVIII.

Troops of untended horses; here and there
  Some little hamlets with new names uncouth;
Some shepherds (unlike Paris), led to stare
  A moment at the European youth
Whom to the spot their schoolboy feelings bear;
  A Turk, with beads in hand and pipe in mouth,
Extremely taken with his own religion,
Are what I found there—but the devil a Phrygian.

LXXIX.

Don Juan, here permitted to emerge
  From his dull cabin, found himself a slave;
Forlorn, and gazing on the deep blue surge,
  O'ershadow'd there by many a hero's grave:
Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce could urge
  A few brief questions; and the answers gave
No very satisfactory information
About his past or present situation.

LXXX.

He saw some fellow-captives, who appear'd
  To be Italians—as they were, in fact;
From them, at least, *their* destiny he heard,
  Which was an odd one; a troop going to act
In Sicily—all singers, duly rear'd
  In their vocation,—had not been attack'd,
In sailing from Livorno, by the pirate,
But sold by the impresario at no high rate.[3]

LXXXI.

By one of these, the buffo of the party,
  Juan was told about their curious case;
For, although destined to the Turkish mart, he
  Still kept his spirits up—at least his face;
The little fellow really look'd quite hearty,
  And bore him with some gaiety and grace,
Showing a much more reconciled demeanour
Than did the prima donna and the tenor.

LXXXII.

In few words he told their hapless story,
Saying, " Our Machiavelian impresario,
" Making a signal off some promontory,
" Hail'd a strange brig; Corpo di Caio Mario!
" We were transferr'd on board her in a hurry,
" Without a single scudo of salario;
" But, if the Sultan has a taste for song,
" We will revive our fortunes before long.

LXXXIII.

" The prima donna, though a little old,
" And haggard with a dissipated life,
" And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,
" Has some good notes; and then the tenor's wife,
" With no great voice, is pleasing to behold;
" Last carnival she made a deal of strife
" By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna *
" From an old Roman princess at Bologna.

LXXXIV.

" And then there are the dancers; there's the Nini,
" With more than one profession gains by all;
" Then there's that laughing slut the Pelegrini,
" She too was fortunate last carnival
" And made at least five hundred good zecchini,
" But spends so fast, she has not now a paul;
" And then there's the Grotesca—such a dancer!
" Where men have souls or bodies she must answer.

LXXXV.

" As for the figuranti, they are like
" The rest of all that tribe; with here and there
" A pretty person, which perhaps may strike,
" The rest are hardly fitted for a fair;
" There's one, though tall and stiffer than a pike,
" Yet has a sentimental kind of air
" Which might go far, but she don't dance with vigour
" The more's the pity, with her face and figure.

LXXXVI.

" As for the men, they are a middling set;
" The Musico is but a crack'd old basin,
" But, being qualified in one way yet,
" May the seraglio do to set his face in,
" And as a servant some preferment get;
" His singing I no further trust can place in:
" From all the pope[4] makes yearly 'twould perplex
" To find three perfect pipes of the *third* sex.

LXXXVII.

" The tenor's voice is spoilt by affectation,
" And for the bass, the beast can only bellow;
" In fact, he had no singing education,
" An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow,
" But being the prima donna's near relation,
" Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
" They hired him, though to hear him you'd believe
" An ass was practising recitative.

LXXXVIII.

" 'Twould not become myself to dwell upon
  " My own merits, and though young—I see, Sir—you
" Have got a travell'd air, which shows you one
  " To whom the opera is by no means new:
" You've heard of Raucocanti?—I'm the man;
  " The time may come when you may hear me too;
" You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,
" But next, when I'm engaged to sing there—do go.

LXXXIX.

" Our baritone I almost had forgot,
  " A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit;
" With graceful action, science not a jot,
  " A voice of no great compass, and not sweet,
" He always is complaining of his lot,
  " Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street;
" In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,
" Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth."

XC.

Here Raucocanti's eloquent recital
Was interrupted by the pirate crew,
Who came at stated moments to invite all
The captives back to their sad births; each threw
A rueful glance upon the waves (which bright all
From the blue skies derived a double blue,
Dancing all free and happy in the sun),
And then went down the hatchway one by one.

XCI.

They heard, next day, that in the Dardanelles,
Waiting for his sublimity's firmān—
The most imperative of sovereign spells,
Which every body does without who can,—
More to secure them in their naval cells,
Lady to lady, well as man to man,
Were to be chain'd and lotted out per couple
For the slave-market of Constantinople.

XCII.

It seems when this allotment was made out,
There chanced to be an odd male and odd female,
Who (after some discussion and some doubt
If the soprano might be doom'd to be male,
They placed him o'er the women as a scout)
Were link'd together, and it happen'd the male
Was Juan, who—an awkward thing at his age—
Pair'd off with a Bacchante blooming visage.

XCIII.

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chain'd
The tenor; these two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage, and each more pain'd
With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate;
Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,
Instead of bearing up without debate,
That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,
"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.

XCIV.

Juan's companion was a Romagnole,
  But bred within the March of old Ancona,
With eyes that look'd into the very soul
  (And other chief points of a "bella donna"),
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal;
  And through her clear brunette complexion shone a
Great wish to please—a most attractive dower,
Especially when added to the power.

XCV.

But all that power was wasted upon him,
  For sorrow o'er each sense held stern command;
Her eye might flash on his, but found it dim;
  And though thus chain'd, as natural her hand
Touch'd his, nor that—nor any handsome limb
  (And she had some not easy to withstand)
Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel brittle;
Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little.

XCVI.

No matter; we should ne'er too much inquire,
But facts are facts,—no knight could be more true,
And firmer faith no ladye-love desire;
We will omit the proofs, save one or two.
'Tis said no one in hand " can hold a fire
" By thought of frosty Caucasus," but few
I really think; yet Juan's then ordeal
Was more triumphant, and not much less real.

XCVII.

Here I might enter on a chaste description,
Having withstood temptation in my youth,
But hear that several people take exception
At the first two books having too much truth;
Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,
Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is
To pass, than those two cantos into families.

XCVIII.

'Tis all the same to me; I'm fond of yielding,
And therefore leave them to the purer page
Of Smollet, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,
Who say strange things for so correct an age;
I once had great alacrity in wielding
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
And recollect the time when all this cant
Would have provoked remarks which now it shan't.

XCIX.

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble;
But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
Leaving such to the literary rabble,
Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to cease
While the right hand which wrote it still is able,
Or of some centuries to take a lease;
The grass upon my grave will grow as long,
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

C.

Of poets who come down to us through distance
  Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,
Life seems the smallest portion of existence;
  Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,
'Tis as a snowball which derives assistance
  From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow,
But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow.

CI.

And so great names are nothing more than nominal,
  And love of glory's but an airy lust,
Too often in its fury overcoming all
  Who would, as 'twere, identify their dust
From out the wide destruction, which, entombing all,
  Leaves nothing till the coming of the just—
Save change: I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of Rome.

CII.

The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom:
Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?
Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom
Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,
And lose their own in universal death.

CIII.

I canter by the spot each afternoon
Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy,
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
For human vanity, the young De Foix!
A broken pillar not uncouthly hewn,
But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.[5]

CIV.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid:
  A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid
  To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's column:
The time must come when both, alike decay'd,
  The chieftain's trophy and the poet's volume,
Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,
Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

CV.

With human blood that column was cemented,
  With human filth that column is defiled,
As if the peasant's coarse contempt were vented
  To show his loathing of the spot he soil'd;
Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented
  Should ever be those blood-hounds, from whose wild
Instinct of gore and glory earth has known
Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone.

CVI.

Yet there will still be bards; though fame is smoke,
Its fumes are frankincense to human thought;
And the unquiet feelings, which first woke
Song in the world, will seek what then they sought;
As on the beach the waves at last are broke,
Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought,
Dash into poetry, which is but passion,
Or at least was so ere it grew a fashion.

CVII.

If in the course of such a life as was
At once adventurous and contemplative,
Men who partake all passions as they pass,
Acquire the deep and bitter power to give
Their images again, as in a glass,
And in such colours that they seem to live;
You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,
But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.

CVIII.

Oh! ye, who make the fortunes of all books!
Benign ceruleans of the second sex!
Who advertise new poems by your looks,
Your "imprimatur" will ye not annex,—
What, must I go to the oblivious cooks,—
Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian wrecks?
Ah! must I then the only minstrel be
Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea?

CIX.

What, can I prove "a lion" then no more?
A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press darling,
To bear the compliments of many a bore,
And sigh "I can't get out," like Yorick's starling?
Why then I'll swear, as poet Wordy swore
(Because the world won't read him, always snarling)
That taste is gone, that fame is but a lottery,
Drawn by the blue-coat misses of a coterie.

CX.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"
As some one somewhere sings about the sky,
And I, ye learned ladies, say of you;
They say your stockings are so (Heaven knows why,
I have examined few pair of that hue);
Blue as the garters which serenely lie
Round the Patrician left-legs, which adorn
The festal midnight and the levee morn.

CXI.

Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures—
But times are alter'd since, a rhyming lover,
You read my stanzas, and I read your features:
And—but no matter, all those things are over;
Still I have no dislike to learned natures,
For sometimes such a world of virtues cover;
I know one woman of that purple school,*
The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a fool.

CXII.

Humboldt, "the first of travellers," but not
  The last, if late accounts be accurate,
Invented, by some name I have forgot,
  As well as the sublime discovery's date,
An airy instrument, with which he sought
  To ascertain the atmospheric state,
By measuring "the *intensity of blue*:"
Oh, Lady Daphne! let me measure you!

CXIII.

But to the narrative.—The vessel bound
  With slaves to sell off in the capital,
After the usual process, might be found
  At anchor under the seraglio wall;
Her cargo, from the plague being safe and sound,
  Were landed in the market, one and all,
And there, with Georgians, Russians, and Circassians,
Bought up for different purposes and passions.

CXIV.

Some went off dearly: fifteen hundred dollars
For one Circassian, a sweet girl, were given,
Warranted virgin; beauty's brightest colours
Had deck'd her out in all the hues of heaven:
Her sale sent home some disappointed bawlers,
Who bade on till the hundreds reach'd eleven
But when the offer went beyond, they knew
'Twas for the Sultan, and at once withdrew.

CXV.

Twelve negresses from Nubia brought a price
Which the West-Indian market scarce would bring;
Though Wilberforce, at last, has made it twice
What 'twas ere Abolition; and the thing
Need not seem very wonderful, for vice
Is always much more splendid than a king:
The virtues, even the most exalted, Charity,
Are saving—vice spares nothing for a rarity.

CXVI.

But for the destiny of this young troop,
  How some were bought by pachas, some by Jews,
How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,
  And others rose to the command of crews
As renegadoes ; while in hapless group,
  Hoping no very old vizier might choose,
The females stood, as one by one they pick'd 'em,
To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim.

CXVII.

All this must be reserved for further song ;
  Also our hero's lot, howe'er unpleasant
(Because this canto has become too long),
  Must be postponed discreetly for the present ;
I'm sensible redundancy is wrong,
  But could not for the muse of me put less in't :
And now delay the progress of Don Juan,
Till what is call'd in Ossian the fifth Duan.

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

NOTE 1.

" *Whom the gods love die young,*" *was said of yore.*
Stanza xii. line 1.

See Herodotus.

NOTE 2.

A vein had burst.
Stanza lix. line 1.

This is no very uncommon effect of the violence of conflicting and different passions. The Doge Francis Foscari, on his deposition, in 1457, hearing the bell of St. Mark announce the election of his successor, " mourut subitement d'une hémorrhagie causée par une veine qui s'éclata dans sa poitrine," (see Sismondi and Daru, vols. i. and ii.) at the age of eighty years, when " *Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?*" Before I was sixteen years of age, I was witness to a melancholy instance of the same effect of mixed passions upon a young person; who, however, did not die in consequence, at that time, but fell a victim

6.

some years afterwards to a seizure of the same kind, arising from causes intimately connected with agitation of mind.

Note 3.

But sold by the impresario at no high rate.
Stanza lxxx. last line.

This is a fact. A few years ago a man engaged a company for some foreign theatre; embarked them at an Italian port, and, carrying them to Algiers, sold them all. One of the women, returned from her captivity, I heard sing, by a strange coincidence, in Rossini's opera of "L'Italiana in Algeri," at Venice, in the beginning of 1817.

Note 4.

"*From all the pope makes yearly 'twould perplex*
"*To find three perfect pipes of the* third *sex*.
Stanza lxxxvi. lines 7 and 8.

It is strange that it should be the Pope and the Sultan who are the chief encouragers of this branch of trade—women being prohibited as singers at St. Peter's, and not deemed trust-worthy as guardians of the haram.

Note 5.

While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.
Stanza ciii. last line.

The pillar which records the battle of Ravenna is about two miles from the city, on the opposite side of the river to the road towards Forli. Gaston de Foix, who gained the battle, was killed in it; there fell on both sides twenty thousand men. The present state of the pillar and its site is described in the text.

DON JUAN.

CANTO V.

WHEN amatory poets sing their loves
  In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
And praise their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves,
  They little think what mischief is in hand;
The greater their success the worse it proves,
  As Ovid's verse may make you understand;
Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due severity,
Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.

II.

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,
Except in such a way as not to attract;
Plain—simple—short, and by no means inviting,
But with a moral to each error tack'd,
Form'd rather for instructing than delighting,
And with all passions in their turn attack'd;
Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,
This poem will become a moral model.

III.

The European with the Asian shore
Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream
Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;
The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar;
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,
Far less describe, present the very view
Which charm'd the charming Mary Montagu.

IV.

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"
For once it was a magic sound to me,
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be;
All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,
A spell from which even yet I am not quite free:
But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,
Which must not be pathetically told.

V.

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades,
'Tis a grand sight from off "the Giant's Grave"
To watch the progress of those rolling seas
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease;
There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

VI.

'Twas a raw day of Autumn's bleak beginning,
When nights are equal, but not so the days;
The Parcæ then cut short the further spinning
Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests raise
The waters, and repentance for past sinning
In all who o'er the great deep take their ways:
They vow to amend their lives, and yet they don't;
Because if drown'd, they can't—if spared, they won't.

VII.

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,
And age, and sex, were in the market ranged;
Each bevy with the merchant in his station:
Poor creatures! their good looks were sadly changed.
All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation,
From friends, and home, and freedom far estranged;
The negroes more philosophy display'd,—
Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd.

VIII.

Juan was juvenile, and thus was full,
  As most at his age are, of hope, and health ;
Yet I must own he look'd a little dull,
  And now and then a tear stole down by stealth
Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull
  His spirit down ; and then the loss of wealth,
A mistress, and such comfortable quarters,
To be put up for auction amongst Tartars.

IX.

Were things to shake a stoic ; ne'ertheless,
  Upon the whole his carriage was serene:
His figure, and the splendour of his dress,
  Of which some gilded remnants still were seen,
Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess
  He was above the vulgar by his mien ;
And then, though pale, he was so very handsome ;
And then—they calculated on his ransom.

Like a backgammon-board the place was dotted
  With whites and blacks, in groups on show for sale,
Though rather more irregularly spotted:
  Some bought the jet, while others chose the pale.
It chanced, amongst the other people lotted,
  A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,
With resolution in his dark gray eye,
Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

XI.

He had an English look; that is, was square
  In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,
Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown hair,
  And, it might be from thought, or toil, or study,
An open brow a little mark'd with care:
  One arm had on a bandage rather bloody;
And there he stood with such *sang-froid* that greater
Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator.

XII.

But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,
  Of a high spirit evidently, though
At present weigh'd down by a doom which had
  O'erthrown even men, he soon began to show
A kind of blunt compassion for the sad
  Lot of so young a partner in the woe,
Which for himself he seem'd to deem no worse
Than any other scrape, a thing of course.

XIII.

" My boy!"—said he, " amidst this motley crew
  " Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what not,
" All ragamuffins differing but in hue,
  " With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,
" The only gentlemen seem I and you,
  " So let us be acquainted, as we ought:
" If I could yield you any consolation,
" 'Twould give me pleasure.—Pray, what is yo
  nation?"

XIV.

When Juan answer'd " Spanish ! " he replied,
  " I thought, in fact, you could not be a Greek ;
" Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed :
  " Fortune has play'd you here a pretty freak,
" But that's her way with all men till they're tried ;
  " But never mind,—she'll turn, perhaps, next week ;
" She has served me also much the same as you,
" Except that I have found it nothing new."

XV.

" Pray, Sir," said Juan, " if I may presume,
  " *What* brought you here ?"—" Oh ! nothing very
    rare—
" Six Tartars and a drag-chain——" —" To this doom
  " But what conducted, if the question's fair,
" Is that which I would learn."—" I served for some
  " Months with the Russian army here and there,
" And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,
" A town, was ta'en myself instead of Widin."

XVI.

" Have you no friends?"—" I had—but, by God's
blessing,
" Have not been troubled with them lately. Now
" I have answer'd all your questions without pressing,
" And you an equal courtesy should show."—
" Alas!" said Juan, " 'twere a tale distressing,
" And long besides."—" Oh! if 'tis really so,
" You're right on both accounts to hold your tongue;
" A sad tale saddens doubly when 'tis long.

XVII.

" But droop not: Fortune at your time of life,
" Although a female moderately fickle,
" Will hardly leave you (as she's not your wife)
" For any length of days in such a pickle.
" To strive too with our fate were such a strife
" As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the sickle
" Men are the sport of circumstances, when
" The circumstances seem the sport of men."

XVIII.

" 'Tis not," said Juan, " for my present doom
" I mourn, but for the past;—I loved a maid:"
He paused, and his dark eye grew full of gloom;
A single tear upon his eyelash staid
A moment, and then dropped; " but to resume,
" 'Tis not my present lot, as I have said,
" Which I deplore so much; for I have borne
" Hardships which have the hardiest overworn,

XIX.

" On the rough deep. But this last blow—" and here
He stopp'd again, and turn'd away his face.
" Ay," quoth his friend, " I thought it would appear
" That there had been a lady in the case;
" And these are things which ask a tender tear,
" Such as I too would shed if in your place:
" I cried upon my first wife's dying day,
" And also when my second ran away:

XX.

"My third—" —"Your third!" quoth Juan, turning round;
"You scarcely can be thirty: have you three?"
"No—only two at present above ground:
Surely 'tis nothing wonderful to see
"One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!"
"Well, then, your third," said Juan; "what did she?
"She did not run away, too, did she, sir?"
"No, faith."—"What then?"—"I ran away from her."

XXI.

"You take things coolly, sir," said Juan. "Why,"
Replied the other, "what can a man do?
"There still are many rainbows in your sky,
"But mine have vanish'd. All, when life is new,
"Commence with feelings warm and prospects high;
"But time strips our illusions of their hue,
"And one by one in turn, some grand mistake
"Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake.

XXII.

" 'Tis true, it gets another bright and fresh,
" Or fresher, brighter, but the year gone through,
" This skin must go the way too of all flesh,
" Or sometimes only wear a week or two;—
" Love's the first net which spreads its deadly mesh;
" Ambition, Avarice, Vengeance, Glory, glue
" The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,
" Where still we flutter on for pence or praise."

XXIII.

" All this is very fine, and may be true,"
Said Juan; " but I really don't see how
" It betters present times with me or you."
" No?" quoth the other; " yet you will allow
" By setting things in their right point of view,
" Knowledge, at least, is gain'd; for instance, now,
" We know what slavery is, and our disasters
" May teach us better to behave when masters."

XXIV.

" Would we were masters now, if but to try
" Their present lessons on our Pagan friends here,"
Said Juan—swallowing a heart-burning sigh:
" Heaven help the scholar whom his fortune sends here!"
" Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by,"
Rejoin'd the other, " when our bad luck mends here,
" Meantime (yon old black eunuch seems to eye us)
" I wish to G–d that somebody would buy us!

XXV.

" But after all, what *is* our present state?
" 'Tis bad, and may be better—all men's lot:
" Most men are slaves, none more so than the great,
" To their own whims and passions, and what not;
" Society itself, which should create
" Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
" To feel for none is the true social art
" Of the world's stoics—men without a heart."

XXVI.

Just now a black old neutral personage
  Of the third sex stepp'd up, and peering over
The captives, seem'd to mark their looks, and age,
  And capabilities, as to discover
If they were fitted for the purposed cage:
  No lady e'er is ogled by a lover,
Horse by a blackleg, broadcloath by a tailor,
Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

XXVII.

As is a slave by his intended bidder.
  'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures;
And all are to be sold, if you consider
  Their passions, and are dext'rous; some by features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,
  Some by a place—as tend their years or natures;
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

XXVIII.

The eunuch having eyed them o'er with care,
Turn'd to the merchant, and begun to bid
First but for one, and after for the pair;
They haggled, wrangled, swore, too—so they did!
As though they were in a mere christian fair
Cheapening an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid;
So that their bargain sounded like a battle
For this superior yoke of human cattle.

XXIX.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,
And pulling out reluctant purses, and
Turning each piece of silver o'er, and tumbling
Some down, and weighing others in their hand,
And by mistake sequins with paras jumbling,
Until the sum was accurately scann'd,
And then the merchant, giving change and signing
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

XXX.

I wonder if his appetite was good?
 Or, if it were, if also his digestion?
Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might intrude,
 And Conscience ask a curious sort of question,
About the right divine how far we should
 Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has oppress'd one,
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

XXXI.

Voltaire says "No:" he tells you that Candide
 Found life most tolerable after meals;
He's wrong—unless man was a pig, indeed,
 Repletion rather adds to what he feels;
Unless he's drunk, and then no doubt he's freed
 From his own brain's oppression while it reels.
Of food I think with Philip's son, or rather
Ammon's (ill pleased with one world and one father);

XXXII.

I think with Alexander, that the act
Of eating, with another act or two,
Makes us feel our mortality in fact
Redoubled; when a roast and a ragout,
And fish and soup, by some side dishes back'd,
Can give us either pain or pleasure, who
Would pique himself on intellects, whose use
Depends so much upon the gastric juice?

XXXIII.

The other evening ('twas on Friday last)—
This is a fact and no poetic fable—
Just as my great coat was about me cast,
My hat and gloves still lying on the table,
I heard a shot—'twas eight o'clock scarce past—
And running out as fast as I was able,[3]
I found the military commandant
Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to pant.

XXXIV.

Poor fellow! for some reason, surely bad,
They had slain him with five slugs; and left him there
To perish on the pavement: so I had
Him borne into the house and up the stair,
And stripp'd, and look'd to——But why should I add
More circumstances? vain was every care;
The man was gone: in some Italian quarrel
Kill'd by five bullets from an old gun-barrel. [4]

XXXV.

I gazed upon him, for I knew him well;
And though I have seen many corpses, never
Saw one, whom such an accident befell,
So calm; though pierced through stomach, heart, and liver,
He seem'd to sleep, for you could scarcely tell
(As he bled inwardly, no hideous river
Of gore divulged the cause) that he was dead:—
So as I gazed on him, I thought or said—

XXXVI.

"Can this be death? then what is life or death?
"Speak!" but he spoke not: "wake!" but still he
slept:—
"But yesterday and who had mightier breath?
"A thousand warriors by his word were kept
"In awe: he said, as the centurion saith,
"'Go,' and he goeth; 'come,' and forth he stepp'd.
"The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb—
"And now nought left him but the muffled drum."

XXXVII.

And they who waited once and worshipp'd—they
With their rough faces throng'd about the bed,
To gaze once more on the commanding clay
Which for the last though not the first time bled:
And such an end! that he who many a day
Had faced Napoleon's foes until they fled,—
The foremost in the charge or in the sally,
Should now be butcher'd in a civic alley.

XXXVIII.

The scars of his old wounds were near his new,
  Those honourable scars which brought him fame;
And horrid was the contrast to the view——
  But let me quit the theme, as such things claim
Perhaps even more attention than is due
  From me: I gazed (as oft I have gazed the same)
To try if I could wrench aught out of death
Which should confirm, or shake, or make a faith:

XXXIX.

But it was all a mystery. Here we are,
  And there we go:—but *where?* five bits of lead,
Or three, or two, or one, send very far!
  And is this blood, then, form'd but to be shed?
Can every element our elements mar?
  And air—earth—water—fire live—and we dead?
We, whose minds comprehend all things? No more;
But let us to the story as before.

XL.

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance
Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,
Embark'd himself and them, and off they went thence
As fast as oars could pull and water float;
They look'd like persons being led to sentence,
Wondering what next, till the caïque was brought
Up in a little creek below a wall
O'ertopp'd with cypresses dark-green and tall.

XLI.

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket
Of a small iron door, 'twas open'd, and
He led them onward, first through a low thicket
Flank'd by large groves, which tower'd on either hand:
They almost lost their way, and had to pick it—
For night was closing ere they came to land.
The eunuch made a sign to those on board,
Who row'd off, leaving them without a word.

XLII.

As they were plodding on their winding way,
  Through orange bowers, and jasmine, and so forth
(Of which I might have a good deal to say,
  There being no such profusion in the North
Of oriental plants, "et cetera,"
  But that of late your scribblers think it worth
Their while to rear whole hotbeds in *their* works
Because one poet travell'd 'mongst the Turks):

XLIII.

As they were threading on their way, there came
  Into Don Juan's head a thought, which he
Whisper'd to his companion:—'twas the same
  Which might have then occurr'd to you or me.
"Methinks,"—said he,—"it would be no great shame
  "If we should strike a stroke to set us free;
"Let's knock that old black fellow on the head,
"And march away—'twere easier done than said."

XLIV.

" Yes," said the other, "and when done, what then?
  " *How get* out? how the devil got we in?
" And when we once were fairly out, and when
  " From Saint Bartholomew we have saved our skin,
" To-morrow 'd see us in some other den,
  " And worse off than we hitherto have been;
" Besides, I'm hungry, and just now would take,
" Like Esau, for my birthright a beef-steak.

XLV.

" We must be near some place of man's abode;—
  " For the old negro's confidence in creeping,
" With his two captives, by so queer a road,
  " Shows that he thinks his friends have not been sleeping;
" A single cry would bring them all abroad:
  " 'Tis therefore better looking before leaping—
" And there, you see, this turn has brought us through.
" By Jove, a noble palace!—lighted too."

XLVI.

It was indeed a wide extensive building
  Which open'd on their view, and o'er the front
There seem'd to be besprent a deal of gilding
  And various hues, as in the Turkish wont,—
A gaudy taste; for they are little skill'd in
  The arts of which these lands were once the font:
Each villa on the Bosphorus looks a screen
New painted, or a pretty opera-scene.

XLVII.

And nearer as they came, a genial savour
  Of certain stews, and roast-meats, and pilaus,
Things which in hungry mortals' eyes find favour,
  Made Juan in his harsh intentions pause,
And put himself upon his good behaviour:
  His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,
Said, " In Heaven's name let's get some supper now,
" And then I'm with you, if you're for a row."

XLVIII.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason;
The last of these was never much the fashion,
For reason thinks all reasoning out of season.
Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on,
But more or less continue still to teaze on,
With arguments according to their "forte;"
But no one ever dreams of being short.—

XLIX.

But I digress: of all appeals,—although
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no
Method's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, o'er-powering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.

L.

Turkey contains no bells, and yet men dine ;
And Juan and his friend, albeit they heard
No christian knoll to table, saw no line
Of lacqueys usher to the feast prepared,
Yet smelt roast-meat, beheld a huge fire shine,
And cooks in motion with their clean arms bared,
And gazed around them to the left and right
With the prophetic eye of appetite.

LI.

And giving up all notions of resistance,
They follow'd close behind their sable guide,
Who little thought that his own crack'd existence
Was on the point of being set aside :
He motion'd them to stop at some small distance,
And knocking at the gate, 'twas open'd wide,
And a magnificent large hall display'd
The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade.

LII.

I won't describe; description is my forte,
But every fool describes in these bright days
His wond'rous journey to some foreign court,
And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise—
Death to his publisher, to him 'tis sport;
While nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,
Resigns herself with exemplary patience
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations.

LIII.

Along this hall, and up and down, some, squatted
Upon their hams, were occupied at chess;
Others in monosyllable talk chatted,
And some seem'd much in love with their own dress
And divers smoked superb pipes decorated
With amber mouths of greater price or less;
And several strutted, others slept, and some
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum. [5]

LIV.

As the black eunuch enter'd with his brace
  Of purchased Infidels, some raised their eyes
A moment without slackening from their pace;
  But those who sate, ne'er stirr'd in any wise:
One or two stared the captives in the face,
  Just as one views a horse to guess his price;
Some nodded to the negro from their station,
But no one troubled him with conversation.

LV.

He leads them through the hall, and, without stopping,
  On through a farther range of goodly rooms,
Splendid but silent, save in *one*, where, dropping, [6]
  A marble fountain echoes through the glooms
Of night, which robe the chamber, or where popping
  Some female head most curiously presumes
To thrust its black eyes through the door or lattice,
As wondering what the devil noise that is.

LVI.

Some faint lamps gleaming from the lofty walls
  Gave light enough to hint their farther way,
But not enough to show the imperial halls
  In all the flashing of their full array;
Perhaps there's nothing—I'll not say appals,
  But saddens more by night as well as day,
Than an enormous room without a soul
To break the lifeless splendor of the whole.

LVII.

Two or three seem so little, *one* seems nothing:
  In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the shore,
There solitude, we know, has her full growth in
  The spots which were her realms for evermore;
But in a mighty hall or gallery, both in
  More modern buildings and those built of yore,
A kind of death comes o'er us all alone,
Seeing what's meant for many with but one.

LVIII.

A neat, snug study on a winter's night,
A book, friend, single lady, or a glass
Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,
Are things which make an English evening pass;
Though *certes* by no means so grand a sight
As is a theatre lit up by gas.
I pass my evenings in long galleries solely,
And that's the reason I'm so melancholy.

LIX.

Alas! man makes that great which makes him little:
I grant you in a church 'tis very well:
What speaks of Heaven should by no means be brittle,
But strong and lasting, 'till no tongue can tell
Their names who rear'd it; but huge houses fit ill—
And huge tombs worse—mankind, since Adam fell:
Methinks the story of the tower of Babel
Might teach them this much better than I'm able.

LX.

Babel was Nimrod's hunting seat, and then
  A town of gardens, walls, and wealth amazing,
Where Nabuchadonosor, king of men,
  Reign'd, till one summer's day he took to grazing,
And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,
  The people's awe and admiration raising ;
'Twas famous, too, for Thisbe and for Pyramus,
And the calumniated Queen Semiramis.

LXI.

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LXII.

But to resume,—should there be (what may not
  Be in these days?) some infidels, who don't
Because they can't find out the very spot
  Of that same Babel, or because they won't,
(Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some bricks has got,
  And written lately two memoirs upon't)
Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who
Must be believed, though they believe not you:—

LXIII.

Yet let them think that Horace has express'd
  Shortly and sweetly the masonic folly
Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,
  Who give themselves to architecture wholly;
We know where things and men must end at last;
  A moral (like all morals) melancholy,
And "Et sepulchri immemor struis domos"
Shows that we build when we should but entomb us.

LXIV.

At last they reach'd a quarter most retired,
Where echo woke as if from a long slumber;
Though full of all things which could be desired,
One wonder'd what to do with such a number
Of articles which nobody required;
Here wealth had done its utmost to encumber
With furniture an exquisite apartment,
Which puzzled nature much to know what art meant.

LXV.

It seem'd, however, but to open on
A range or suite of further chambers, which
Might lead to heaven knows where; but in this one
The moveables were prodigally rich:
Sofas 'twas half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they; carpets every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, that made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

LXVI.

The black, however, without hardly deigning
  A glance at that which wrapt the slaves in wonder;
Trampled what they scarce trod for fear of staining,
  As if the milky way their feet was under
With all its stars; and with a stretch attaining
  A certain press or cupboard niched in yonder
In that remote recess which you may see—
Or if you don't the fault is not in me:

LXVII.

I wish to be perspicuous; and the black,
  I say, unlocking the recess, pull'd forth
A quantity of clothes fit for the back
  Of any Mussulman, whate'er his worth;
And of variety there was no lack—
  And yet, though I have said there was no dearth,
He chose himself to point out what he thought
Most proper for the Christians he had bought.

LXVIII.

The suit he thought most suitable to each
Was, for the elder and the stouter, first
A candiote cloak, which to the knee might reach,
And trowsers not so tight that they would burst,
But such as fit an Asiatic breech ;
A shawl, whose folds in Cashmire had been nurst,
Slippers of saffron, dagger rich and handy;
In short, all things which form a Turkish Dandy.

LXIX.

While he was dressing, Baba, their black friend,
Hinted the vast advantages which they
Might probably attain both in the end,
If they would but pursue the proper way
Which Fortune plainly seem'd to recommend ;
And then he added, that he needs must say,
" 'Twould greatly tend to better their condition,
" If they would condescend to circumcision.

LXX.

" For his own part, he really should rejoice
" To see them true believers, but no less
" Would leave his proposition to their choice."
The other, thanking him for this excess
Of goodness in thus leaving them a voice
In such a trifle, scarcely could express
" Sufficiently (he said) his approbation
" Of all the customs of this polish'd nation.

LXXI.

" For his own share—he saw but small objection
" To so respectable an ancient rite;
" And after swallowing down a slight refection,
" For which he own'd a present appetite,
" He doubted not a few hours of reflection
" Would reconcile him to the business quite."—
" Will it?" said Juan, sharply; " Strike me dead,
" But they as soon shall circumcise my head

LXXII.

" Cut off a thousand heads, before——"—" Now pray,"
Replied the other, " do not interrupt:
" You put me out in what I had to say.
" Sir!—as I said, as soon as I have supp'd,
" I shall perpend if your proposal may
" Be such as I can properly accept;
" Provided always your great goodness still
" Remits the matter to our own free-will.

LXXIII.

Baba eyed Juan, and said " Be so good
" As dress yourself—" and pointed out a suit
In which a princess with great pleasure would
Array her limbs; but Juan standing mute,
As not being in a masquerading mood,
Gave it a slight kick with his christian foot;
And when the old negro told him to " Get ready,"
Replied, " Old gentleman, I'm not a lady."

LXXIV.

" What you may be, I neither know nor care,"
Said Baba ; " but pray do as I desire :
" I have no more time nor many words to spare."
" At least," said Juan, " sure I may inquire
" The cause of this odd travesty?"—" Forbear,"
Said Baba, " to be curious ; 'twill transpire,
" No doubt, in proper place, and time, and season :
" I have no authority to tell the reason."

LXXV.

" Then if I do," said Juan, " I'll be ——" "Hold!"
Rejoin'd the Negro, " pray be not provoking ;
" This spirit's well, but it may wax too bold,
" And you will find us not too fond of joking."
" What, sir," said Juan, " shall it e'er be told
" That I unsex'd my dress?" But Baba stroking
The things down, said—" Incense me, and I call
" Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

LXXVI.

"I offer you a handsome suit of clothes:
"A woman's, true; but then there is a cause
"Why you should wear them."—"What, though my soul loathes
"The effeminate garb?"—Thus, after a short pause,
Sigh'd Juan, muttering also some slight oaths,
"What the devil shall I do with all this gauze?"
Thus he profanely term'd the finest lace
Which e'er set off a marriage-morning face.

LXXVII.

And then he swore; and, sighing, on he slipp'd
A pair of trowsers of flesh-colour'd silk;
Next with a virgin zone he was equipp'd,
Which girt a slight chemise as white as milk;
But, tugging on his petticoat, he tripp'd,
Which—as we say—or as the Scotch say, *whilk*,
(The rhyme obliges me to this; sometimes
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes)—

LXXVIII.

Whilk, which (or what you please) was owing to
His garment's novelty, and his being awkward;
And yet at last he managed to get through
His toilet, though no doubt a little backward:
The negro Baba help'd a little too,
When some untoward part of raiment stuck hard;
And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,
He paused and took a survey up and down.

LXXIX.

One difficulty still remain'd,—his hair
Was hardly long enough; but Baba found
So many false long tresses all to spare,
That soon his head was most completely crown'd,
After the manner then in fashion there;
And this addition with such gems was bound
As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet,
While Baba made him comb his head and oil it.

LXXX.

And now being femininely all array'd,
With some small aid from scissars, paint, and tweezers,
He look'd in almost all respects a maid,
And Baba smilingly exclaim'd, "You see, sirs.
"A perfect transformation here display'd;
"And now, then, you must come along with me, sirs,
"That is—the lady:"—clapping his hands twice,
Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

LXXXI.

"You, sir," said Baba, nodding to the one,
"Will please to accompany those gentlemen
"To supper; but you, worthy christian nun,
"Will follow me: no trifling, sir; for when
"I say a thing it must at once be done.
"What fear you? think you this a lion's den?
"Why, 'tis a palace, where the truly wise
"Anticipate the Prophet's paradise.

LXXXII.

" You fool! I tell you no one means you harm."
" So much the better," Juan said, " for them ;—
" Else they shall feel the weight of this my arm,
" Which is not quite so light as you may deem.
" I yield thus far ; but soon will break the charm
" If any take me for that which I seem ;
" So that I trust, for every body's sake,
" That this disguise may lead to no mistake."

LXXXIII.

" Blockhead! come on and see," quoth Baba ; while
Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who,
Though somewhat grieved, could scarce forbear a smile
Upon the metamorphosis in view,
" Farewell!" they mutually exclaim'd : " this soil
" Seems fertile in adventures strange and new ;
" One's turn'd half Mussulman, and one a maid,
" By this old black enchanter's unsought aid."

LXXXIV.

"Farewell!" said Juan; "should we meet no more,
"I wish you a good appetite."—"Farewell!"
Replied the other; "though it grieves me sore;
"When we next meet we'll have a tale to tell:
"We needs must follow when Fate puts from shore.
"Keep your good name; though Eve herself once fell."
"Nay," quoth the maid, "the Sultan's self shan't carry
me,
"Unless his highness promises to marry me."

LXXXV.

And thus they parted, each by separate doors;
Baba led Juan onward, room by room,
Through glittering galleries and o'er marble floors,
Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,
Haughty and huge, along the distance towers;
And wafted far arose a rich perfume:
It seem'd as though they came upon a shrine,
For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

LXXXVI.

The giant door was broad, and bright, and high,
Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious guise;
Warriors thereon were battling furiously;
Here stalks the victor, there the vanquish'd lies;
There captives led in triumph droop the eye,
And in perspective many a squadron flies:
It seems the work of times before the line
Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

LXXXVII.

This massy portal stood at the wide close
Of a huge hall, and on its either side
Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied
In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
O'er them in almost pyramidic pride:
The gate so splendid was in all its *features*,[7]
You never thought about those little creatures,

LXXXVIII.

Until you nearly trod on them, and then,
You started back in horror to survey
The wondrous hideousness of those small men,
Whose colour was not black, nor white, nor gray,
But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may ;
They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and dumb—
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

LXXXIX.

Their duty was—for they were strong, and though
They look'd so little, did strong things at times—
To ope this door, which they could really do,
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers' rhymes :
And now and then, with tough strings of the bow,
As is the custom of those eastern climes,
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat ;
For mutes are generally used for that.

XC.

They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at all;
And, looking like two incubi, they glared
As Baba with his fingers made them fall
To heaving back the portal folds: it scared
Juan a moment, as this pair so small
With shrinking serpent optics on him stared;
It was as if their little looks could poison
Or fascinate whome'er they fix'd their eyes on.

XCI.

Before they enter'd, Baba paused to hint
To Juan some slight lessons as his guide:
"If you could just contrive," he said, "to stint
"That somewhat manly majesty of stride,
"'Twould be as well, and—(though there's not much in't)—
"To swing a little less from side to side,
"Which has at times an aspect of the oddest;
"And also, could you look a little modest,

XCII.

" 'Twould be convenient; for these mutes have eyes
" Like needles, which may pierce those petticoats;
" And if they should discover your disguise,
" You know how near us the deep Bosphorus floats
" And you and I may chance, ere morning rise,
" To find our way to Marmora without boats,
" Stitch'd up in sacks—a mode of navigation
" A good deal practised here upon occasion."

XCIII.

With this encouragement, he led the way
Into a room still nobler than the last;
A rich confusion form'd a disarray
In such sort, that the eye along it cast
Could hardly carry any thing away,
Object on object flash'd so bright and fast;
A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and glitter,
Magnificently mingled in a litter.

XCIV.

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much; such things
  Occur in orient palaces, and even
In the more chasten'd domes of western kings
  (Of which I've also seen some six or seven),
Where I can't say or gold or diamond flings
  Much lustre, there is much to be forgiven;
Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and pictures,
On which I cannot pause to make my strictures.

XCV.

In this imperial hall, at distance lay
  Under a canopy, and there reclined
Quite in a confidential queenly way,
  A lady. Baba stopp'd, and kneeling sign'd
To Juan, who, though not much used to pray,
  Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his mind
What all this meant: while Baba bow'd and bended
His head, until the ceremony ended.

XCVI.

The lady, rising up with such an air
  As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair
  Of eyes, which put out each surrounding gem:
And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,
  She sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the hem
Of her deep-purple robe, and speaking low,
Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below.

XCVII.

Her presence was as lofty as her state;
  Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose force description only would abate:
  I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,
Than lessen it by what I could relate
  Of forms and features; it would strike you blind
Could I do justice to the full detail;
So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.

XCVIII.

This much however I may add,—her years
Were ripe, they might make six and twenty springs,
But there are forms which Time to touch forbears,
And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things,
Such as was Mary's Queen of Scots; true—tears
And love destroy; and sapping sorrow wrings
Charms from the charmer, yet some never grow
Ugly; for instance—Ninon de l'Enclos.

XCIX.

She spake some words to her attendants, who
Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen,
And were all clad alike; like Juan, too,
Who wore their uniform, by Baba chosen:
They form'd a very nymph-like looking crew,
Which might have call'd Diana's chorus "cousin,"
As far as outward show may correspond;
I won't be bail for any thing beyond.

C.

They bow'd obeisance and withdrew, retiring,
But not by the same door through which came in
Baba and Juan, which last stood admiring,
At some small distance, all he saw within
This strange saloon, much fitted for inspiring
Marvel and praise: for both or none things win;
And I must say I ne'er could see the very
Great happiness of the "Nil Admirari."

CI.

"Not to admiré is all the art I know
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs few flowers of speech
"To make men happy, or to keep them so;"
(So take it in the very words of Creech).
Thus Horace wrote we all know long ago;
And thus Pope quotes the precept to re-teach
From his translation; but had *none admired*,
Would Pope have sung, or Horace been inspired?

CII.

Baba, when all the damsels were withdrawn,
Motion'd to Juan to approach, and then
A second time desired him to kneel down
And kiss the lady's foot, which maxim when
He heard repeated, Juan with a frown
Drew himself up to his full height again,
And said " It grieved him, but he could not stoop
" To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope."

CIII.

Baba, indignant at this ill-timed pride,
Made fierce remonstrances, and then a threat
He mutter'd (but the last was given aside)
About a bow-string—quite in vain ; not yet
Would Juan stoop, though 'twere to Mahomet's bride:
There's nothing in the world like *etiquette*
In kingly chambers or imperial halls,
As also at the race and county balls.

CIV.

He stood like Atlas, with a world of words
  About his ears, and nathless would not bend;
The blood of all his line's Castilian lords
  Boil'd in his veins, and rather than descend
To stain his pedigree, a thousand swords
  A thousand times of him had made an end;
At length perceiving the "*foot*" could not stand,
Baba proposed that he should kiss the hand.

CV.

Here was an honourable compromise,
  A half-way house of diplomatic rest,
Where they might meet in much more peaceful guise
  And Juan now his willingness express'd
To use all fit and proper courtesies,
  Adding, that this was commonest and best,
For through the South the custom still commands
The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.

CVI.

And he advanced, though with but a bad grace,
Though on more *thorough-bred* [8] or fairer fingers
No lips e'er left their transitory trace :
On such as these the lip too fondly lingers,
And for one kiss would fain imprint a brace,
As you will see, if she you love will bring hers
In contact; and sometimes even a fair stranger's
An almost twelvemonth's constancy endangers.

CVII.

The lady eyed him o'er and o'er, and bade
Baba retire, which he obey'd in style,
As if well-used to the retreating trade;
And taking hints in good part all the while,
He whisper'd Juan not to be afraid,
And looking on him with a sort of smile,
Took leave with such a face of satisfaction
As good men wear who have done a virtuous action.

CVIII.

When he was gone, there was a sudden change :
I know not what might be the lady's thought,
But o'er her bright brow flash'd a tumult strange,
And into her clear cheek the blood was brought,
Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which range
The verge of Heaven; and in her large eyes wrough
A mixture of sensations might be scann'd,
Of half voluptuousness and half command.

CIX.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,
Her features all the sweetness of the devil,
When he put on the cherub to perplex
Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road to evil
The sun himself was scarce more free from specks
Than she from aught at which the eye could cavil;
Yet, somehow, there was something somewhere wan
ing,
As if she rather *order'd* than was *granting*.—

CX.

Something imperial, or imperious, threw
  A chain o'er all she did; that is, a chain
Was thrown as 'twere about the neck of you,—
  And rapture's self will seem almost a pain
With aught which looks like despotism in view:
  Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey—
The spirit in the end will have its way.

CXI.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet;
  Her very nod was not an inclination;
There was a self-will even in her small feet,
  As though they were quite conscious of her station-
They trod as upon necks; and to complete
  Her state (it is the custom of her nation),
A poignard deck'd her girdle, as the sign
She was a sultan's bride (thank Heaven, not mine).

CXII.

"To hear and to obey" had been from birth
The law of all around her; to fulfil
All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,
Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as her will;
Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of earth:
Judge, then, if her caprices e'er stood still;
Had she but been a Christian, I've a notion
We should have found out the "perpetual motion

CXIII.

Whate'er she saw and coveted was brought;
Whate'er she did *not* see, if she supposed
It might be seen, with diligence was sought,
And when 'twas found straightway the barga
closed:
There was no end unto the things she bought,
Nor to the trouble which her fancies caused;
Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
The women pardon'd all except her face.

CXIV.

Juan, the latest of her whims, had caught
  Her eye in passing on his way to sale;
She order'd him directly to be bought,
  And Baba, who had ne'er been known to fail
In any kind of mischief to be wrought,
  Had his instructions where and how to deal:
She had no prudence, but he had; and this
Explains the garb which Juan took amiss.

CXV.

His youth and features favour'd the disguise,
  And should you ask how she, a sultan's bride,
Could risk or compass such strange phantasies,
  This I must leave sultanas to decide:
Emperors are only husbands in wives' eyes,
  And kings and consorts oft are mystified,
As we may ascertain with due precision,
Some by experience, others by tradition.

CXVI.

But to the main point, where we have been tending
She now conceived all difficulties past,
And deem'd herself extremely condescending
When, being made her property at last,
Without more preface, in her blue eyes blending
Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,
And merely saying, "Christian, canst thou love?"
Conceived that phrase was quite enough to move.

CXVII.

And so it was, in proper time and place;
But Juan, who had still his mind o'erflowing
With Haidee's isle and soft Ionian face,
Felt the warm blood, which in his face was glowi
Rush back upon his heart, which fill'd apace,
And left his cheeks as pale as snowdrops blowing
These words went through his soul like Arab spears
So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

CXVIII.

She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd at tears,
 For women shed and use them at their liking;
But there is something when man's eye appears
 Wet, still more disagreeable and striking:
A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
 Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)
To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.

CXIX.

And she would have consoled, but knew not how;
 Having no equals, nothing which had e'er
Infected her with sympathy till now,
 And never having dreamt what 'twas to bear
Aught of a serious sorrowing kind, although
 There might arise some pouting petty care
To cross her brow, she wonder'd how so near
Her eyes another's eye could shed a tear.

CXX.

But nature teaches more than power can spoil,
And when a *strong* although a strange sensation
Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil
For kinder feelings, whatsoe'er their nation,
They naturally pour the " wine and oil,"
Samaritans in every situation;
And thus Gulleyaz, though she knew not why,
Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

CXXI.

But tears must stop like all things else; and soon
Juan, who for an instant had been moved
To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone
Of one who dared to ask if " he *had* loved,"
Call'd back the stoic to his eyes, which shone
Bright with the very weakness he reproved;
And although sensitive to beauty, he
Felt most indignant still at not being free.

CXXII.

Gulleyaz, for the first time in her days,
Was much embarrass'd, never having met
In all her life with aught save prayers and praise;
And as she also risk'd her life to get
Him whom she meant to tutor in love's ways
Into a comfortable tête-à-tête,
To lose the hour would make her quite a martyr,
And they had wasted now almost a quarter.

CXXIII.

I also would suggest the fitting time,
To gentlemen in any such like case,
That is to say—in a meridian clime;
With us there is more law given to the case,
But here a small delay forms a great crime:
So recollect that the extremest grace
Is just two minutes for your declaration—
A moment more would hurt your reputation.

CXXIV.

Juan's was good; and might have been still better,
But he had got Haidee into his head:
However strange, he could not yet forget her,
Which made him seem exceedingly ill-bred.
Gulleyaz, who look'd on him as her debtor
For having had him to her palace led,
Began to blush up to the eyes, and then
Grow deadly pale, and then blush back again.

CXXV.

At length, in an imperial way, she laid
Her hand on his, and bending on his eyes,
Which needed not an empire to persuade,
Look'd into his for love, where none replies:
Her brow grew black, but she would not upbraid,
That being the last thing a proud woman tries;
She rose, and pausing one chaste moment, threw
Herself upon his breast, and there she grew.

CXXVI.

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,
But he was steel'd by sorrow, wrath, and pride:
With gentle force her white arms he unwound,
And seated her all drooping by his side.
Then rising haughtily he glanced around,
And looking coldly in her face, he cried,
"The prison'd eagle will not pair, nor I
"Serve a sultana's sensual phantasy.

CXXVII.

"Thou ask'st, if I can love? be this the proof
"How much I *have* loved—that I love not *thee!*
"In this vile garb, the distaff's web and woof
"Were fitter for me: Love is for the free!
"I am not dazzled by this splendid roof.
"Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be,
"Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne
"And hands obey—our hearts are still our own."

CXXVIII.

This was a truth to us extremely trite,
Not so to her who ne'er had heard such things;
She deem'd her least command must yield delight,
Earth being only made for queens and kings.
If hearts lay on the left side or the right
She hardly knew, to such perfection brings
Legitimacy its born votaries, when
Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

CXXIX.

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair
As even in a much humbler lot had made
A kingdom or confusion any where;
And also, as may be presumed, she laid
Some stress upon those charms, which seldom are
By the possessors thrown into the shade;—
She thought hers gave a double "right divine,"
And half of that opinion's also mine.

CXXX.

Remember, or (if you cannot) imagine,
  Ye! who have kept your chastity when young,
While some more desperate dowager has been waging
  Love with you, and been in the dog-days stung
By your refusal, recollect her raging!
  Or recollect all that was said or sung
On such a subject; then suppose the face
Of a young downright beauty in this case.

CXXXI.

Suppose, but you already have supposed,
  The spouse of Potiphar, the Lady Booby,
Phedra, and all which story has disclosed
  Of good examples; pity that so few by
Poets and private tutors are exposed,
  To educate—ye youth of Europe—you by!
But when you have supposed the few we know,
You can't suppose Gulleyaz' angry brow.

CXXXII.

A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,
Or any interesting beast of prey,
Are similes at hand for the distress
Of ladies who cannot have their own way;
But though my turn will not be served with less,
These don't express one half what I should say:
For what is stealing young ones, few or many,
To cutting short their hopes of having any?

CXXXIII.

The love of offspring's nature's general law,
From tigresses and cubs to ducks and ducklings;
There's nothing whets the beak or arms the claw
Like an invasion of their babes and sucklings:
And all who have seen a human nursery, saw
How mothers love their children's squalls and chucklings;
And this strong extreme effect (to tire no longer
Your patience) shows the cause must still be stronger

CXXXIV.

If I said fire flash'd from Gulleyaz' eyes,
'Twere nothing—for her eyes flash'd always fire;
Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dyes,
I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,
So supernatural was her passion's rise;
For ne'er till now she knew a check'd desire:
Even ye who know what a check'd woman is
(Enough, God knows!) would much fall short of this.

CXXXV.

Her rage was but a minute's, and 'twas well—
A moment's more had slain her; but the while
It lasted 'twas like a short glimpse of hell:
Nought's more sublime than energetic bile,
Though horrible to see yet grand to tell,
Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle;
And the deep passions flashing through her form
Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

CXXXVI.

A vulgar tempest 'twere to a Typhoon
To match a common fury with her rage,
And yet she did not want to reach the moon,
Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page;
Her anger pitch'd into a lower tune,
Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—
Her wish was but to " kill, kill, kill," like Lear's,
And then her thirst of blood was quench'd in tears.

CXXXVII.

A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,
Pass'd without words—in fact she could not speak;
And then her sex's shame broke in at last,
A sentiment till then in her but weak,
But now it flow'd in natural and fast,
As water through an unexpected leak,
For she felt humbled—and humiliation
Is sometimes good for people in her station.

CXXXVIII.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
   It also gently hints to them that others,
Although of clay, are not yet quite of mud;
   That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,
And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
   Though not all born of the same sires and mothers:
It teaches—Heaven knows only what it teaches,
But sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

CXXXIX.

Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head;
   Her second, to cut only his—acquaintance;
Her third, to ask him where he had been bred;
   Her fourth, to rally him into repentance;
Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed;
   Her sixth, to stab herself; her seventh, to sentence
The lash to Baba;—but her grand resource
Was to sit down again, and cry of course.

CXL.

She thought to stab herself, but then she had
  The dagger close at hand, which made it awkward;
For eastern stays are little made to pad,
  So that a poniard pierces if 'tis stuck hard:
She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad!
  Though he deserved it well for being so backward,
The cutting off his head was not the art
Most likely to attain her aim—his heart.

CXLI.

Juan was moved: he had made up his mind
  To be impaled, or quarter'd as a dish
For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,
  Or thrown to lions, or made baits for fish,
And thus heroically stood resign'd,
  Rather than sin—except to his own wish:
But all his great preparatives for dying
Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

CXLII.

As through his palms Bob Acres' valour oozed,
So Juan's virtue ebb'd, I know not how;
And first he wonder'd why he had refused;
And then, if matters could be made up now;
And next his savage virtue he accused,
Just as a friar may accuse his vow,
Or as a dame repents her of her oath,
Which mostly ends in some small breach of both.

CXLIII.

So he began to stammer some excuses;
But words are not enough in such a matter,
Although you borrow'd all that e'er the Muses
Have sung, or even a Dandy's dandiest chatter,
Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses;
Just as a languid smile began to flatter
His peace was making, but before he ventured
Further, old Baba rather briskly enter'd.

CXLIV.

"Bride of the Sun! and Sister of the Moon!"
('Twas thus he spake) "and Empress of the Earth
"Whose frown would put the spheres all out of tune
"Whose smile makes all the planets dance wit mirth,
"Your slave brings tidings—he hopes not too soon-
"Which your sublime attention may be worth:
"The Sun himself has sent me like a ray
"To hint that he is coming up this way."

CXLV.

"Is it," exclaim'd Gulleyaz, "as you say?
"I wish to heaven he would not shine till mornin
"But bid my women form the milky way.
"Hence, my old comet! give the stars due warning
"And, christian! mingle with them as you may;
"And, as you'd have me pardon your past scor ing——"
Here they were interrupted by a humming
Sound, and then by a cry, "the Sultan's coming!"

CXLVI.

First came her damsels, a decorous file,
And then his Highness' eunuchs, black and white;
The train might reach a quarter of a mile:
His majesty was always so polite
As to announce his visits a long while
Before he came, especially at night;
For being the last wife of the emperor,
She was of course the favourite of the four.

CXLVII.

His Highness was a man of solemn port,
Shawl'd to the nose, and bearded to the eyes,
Snatch'd from a prison to preside at court,
His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise;
He was as good a sovereign of the sort
As any mention'd in the histories
Of Cantemir, or Knolles, where few shine
Save Solyman, the glory of their line. [9]

CXLVIII.

He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers
With more than "Oriental scrupulosity;"
He left to his vizier all state affairs,
And show'd but little royal curiosity:
I know not if he had domestic cares—
No process proved connubial animosity;
Four wives and twice five hundred maids, unseen,
Were ruled as calmly as a christian queen.

CXLIX.

If now and then there happen'd a slight slip,
Little was heard of criminal or crime;
The story scarcely pass'd a single lip—
The sack and sea had settled all in time,
From which the secret nobody could rip:
The Public knew no more than does this rhyme;
No scandals made the daily press a curse—
Morals were better, and the fish no worse.

CL.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he had journey'd fifty miles and found
No sign that it was circular any where;
His empire also was without a bound:
'Tis true, a little troubled here and there,
By rebel pachas, and encroaching giaours,
But then they never came to "the Seven Towers;"

CLI.

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent
To lodge there when a war broke out, according
To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant
Those scoundrels, who have never had a sword in
Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent
Their spleen in making strife, and safely wording
Their lies, yclep'd despatches, without risk or
The singeing of a single inky whisker.

CLII.

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,
  Of whom all such as came of age were stow'd,
The former in a palace, where like nuns
  They lived till some Bashaw was sent abroad,
When she, whose turn it was, wedded at once,
  Sometimes at six years old—though this seems odd
'Tis true; the reason is, that the Bashaw
Must make a present to his sire in law.

CLIII.

His sons were kept in prison till they grew
  Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,
One or the other, but which of the two
  Could yet be known unto the Fates alone;
Meantime the education they went through
  Was princely, as the proofs have always shown:
So that the heir-apparent still was found
No less deserving to be hang'd than crown'd.

CLIV.

His Majesty saluted his fourth spouse
With all the ceremonies of his rank,
Who clear'd her sparkling eyes and smooth'd her brows
As suits a matron who has play'd a prank;
These must seem doubly mindful of their vows,
To save the credit of their breaking bank:
To no men are such cordial greetings given
As those whose wives have made them fit for heaven.

CLV.

His Highness cast around his great black eyes,
And looking, as he always look'd, perceived
Juan amongst the damsels in disguise,
At which he seem'd no whit surprised nor grieved,
But just remark'd with air sedate and wise,
While still a fluttering sigh Gulleyaz heaved,
"I see you've bought another girl; 'tis pity
"That a mere christian should be half so pretty."

CLVI.

This compliment, which drew all eyes upon
The new-bought virgin, made her blush and shake.
Her comrades, also, thought themselves undone:
Oh, Mahomet! that his Majesty should take
Such notice of a giaour, while scarce to one
Of them his lips imperial ever spake!
There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

CLVII.

The Turks do well to shut—at least, sometimes—
The women up—because in sad reality,
Their chastity in these unhappy climes
Is not a thing of that astringent quality,
Which in the north prevents precarious crimes,
And makes our snow less pure than our morality;
The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,
Has quite the contrary effect on vice.

CLVIII.

Thus far our chronicle ; and now we pause,
Though not for want of matter; but 'tis time,
According to the ancient epic laws,
To slacken sail, and anchor with our rhyme.
Let this fifth canto meet with due applause,
The sixth shall have a touch of the sublime ;
Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps, perhaps
You'll pardon to my muse a few short naps.

NOTES TO CANTO V.

NOTE 1.

The ocean stream.

Stanza iii. line 2.

THIS expression of Homer has been much criticised. It hardly answers to our Atlantic ideas of the ocean, but is sufficiently applicable to the Hellespont, and the Bosphorus, with the Ægean intersected with islands.

NOTE 2.

"*The Giant's Grave.*"

Stanza v. line 3.

"The Giant's Grave" is a height on the Adriatic shore of the Bosphorus, much frequented by holiday parties: like Harrow and Highgate.

NOTE 3.

And running out as fast as I was able.

Stanza xxxiii. line 6.

The assassination alluded to took place on the eighth of December, 1820, in the streets of R——, not a hundred paces from the residence of the writer. The circumstances were as described.

Note 4.

Kill'd by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.
Stanza xxxiv. last line.

There was found close by him an old gun-barrel, sawn half off: it had just been discharged, and was still warm.

Note 5.

Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.
Stanza liii. last line.

In Turkey nothing is more common than for the Mussulmans to take several glasses of strong spirits by way of appetizer. I have seen them take as many as six of raki before dinner, and swear that they dined the better for it; I tried the experiment, but was like the Scotchman, who having heard that the birds called kittiewiaks were admirable whets, ate six of them, and complained that "*he was no hungrier than when he began.*"

Note 6.

Splendid but silent, save in one, *where, dropping,*
A marble fountain echoes.
Stanza lv. lines 3 and 4.

A common furniture.—I recollect being received by Ali Pacha, in a room containing a marble basin and fountain, etc. etc. etc.

Note 7.

The gate so splendid was in all its features.
Stanza lxxxvii. line 7.

Features of a *gate*—a ministerial metaphor; "the *feature* upon which this question *hinges.*"—See the "Fudge Family," or hear Castlereagh.

NOTE 8.

Though on more thorough-bred *or fairer fingers.*
Stanza cvi. line 2.

There is perhaps nothing more distinctive of birth than the hand: it is almost the only sign of blood which aristocracy can generate.

NOTE 9.

Save Solyman, the glory of their line.
Stanza cxlvii. last line.

It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bacon, in his essay on "Empire," hints that *Solyman* was the *last* of his line; on what authority, I know not. These are his words: "The destruction of Mustapha was so fatal to Solyman's line, as the succession of the Turks from Solyman, until this day, is suspected to be untrue, and of strange blood; for that Solymus the Second was thought to be supposititious." But Bacon, in his historical authorities, is often inaccurate. I could give half a dozen instances from his apophthegms only.

Being in the humour of criticism, I shall proceed, after having ventured upon the slips of Bacon, to touch on one or two as trifling in the edition of the British Poets, by the justly-celebrated Campbell.—But I do this in good will, and trust it will be so taken.—If any thing could add to my opinion of the talents and true feeling of that gentleman, it would be his classical, honest, and triumphant defence of Pope, against the vulgar cant of the day, and its existing Grub-street.

The inadvertencies to which I allude are,—

Firstly, in speaking of *Anstey*, whom he accuses of having taken "his leading characters from *Smollett*."

Anstey's Bath Guide was published in 1766. Smollett's Humphry Clinker (the only work of Smollett's from which Tabitha, etc. etc. *could* have been taken) was written during *Smollett's last residence* at Leghorn, in 1770.—"*Argal*," if there has been any borrowing, Anstey must be the creditor, and not the debtor. I refer Mr. Campbell to his *own* data in his lives of *Smollett* and *Anstey*.

Secondly, Mr. Campbell says in the life of Cowper (note to page 358, vol. 7) that "he knows not to whom Cowper alludes in these lines:

> "Nor he who, for the bane of thousands born,
> "Built *God* a *church*, and laugh'd his word to scorn."

The Calvinist meant Voltaire, and the church of Ferney, with its inscription, "Deo erexit Voltaire."

Thirdly, in the life of Burns, Mr. C. quotes Shakespeare thus,—

> "To gild refined gold, to paint *the rose*,
> "*Or add fresh* perfume *to* the violet."

This version by no means improves the original, which is as follows:

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the *lily*,
> "*To throw a perfume on* the violet," etc.
>
> King John.

A great poet quoting another should be correct; he should also be accurate when he accuses a Parnassian brother of that dangerous charge "borrowing:" a poet had better borrow any thing (excepting money) than the thoughts of another—they are always sure to be reclaimed; but it is very hard, having been the *lender*, to

be denounced as the debtor, as is the case of Ansley versus Smollett.

As there is "honour amongst thieves," let there be some amongst poets, and give each his due,—none can afford to give it more than Mr. Campbell himself, who, with a high reputation for originality, and a fame which cannot be shaken, is the only poet of the times (except Rogers) who can be reproached (and *in him* it is indeed a reproach) with having written *too little*.

END OF VOLUME VIII.